

FRONTISPIECE.



FRONTISPIECE.



A
COMPANION
FOR A
LEISURE HOUR:
BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
FUGITIVE PIECES,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.
BY SEVERAL GENTLEMEN.

LONDON:

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A

COMPANION, &c.

ON A HANDSOME LANDLADY.

IT has been observed of the writings of the late Harry Fielding, of facetious memory, that he seemed never so happy as when he could get into the chimney-corner of an inn-kitchen. In like manner you must have perceived, that my letters to you during my rustication have savoured of the affection which I have always entertained for my honest friend the landlord, and his civil attendants, up from John Boots to Betty Chambermaid. I shall therefore make no apology for

B

giving

giving you an account of the reception I met with at the last inn I put up at ; where, indeed, I sufficiently experienced the truth of the following observation of Bishop Corbet :

“ All travellers, this heavy judgment hear !

“ An handsome hostess makes a reck'ning dear :

“ Each word, each look, your purses must requite 'em,

And every welcome adds another *item*.”

My horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to baiting, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first inn I came to, which happened to be the castle ; when I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to have been some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon my alighting, most politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of hers, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of an old city churl, at once removed all my prudent œconomical resolutions of eating only just a snap of cold meat, and away : of my own accord, I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down ; but my landlady, dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not

not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted ; and, on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done. She then asked me, in a most bewitching manner, if I chose to drink any thing ; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she inticed me to toss up a glass of sherry, to get me an appetite, which, before, she had concluded I could not want, and she even had the complaisance to pledge me. When dinner was served up, I was surprised to see a dish of eels brought in ; and on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said she thought I had ordered them ; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part she was excessively fond of them. As that was the case, I could by no means consent to their being taken away ; and, after we had done with the fish and the chickens, a dish of tarts spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command. My kind landlady intreated me to taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me,

or taken to herself, a bit out of each sort. I should have told you, that, during dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, rhenish, mountain, Lisbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a *cup*, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand. When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked, at the same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had. However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and order a simple bottle of port. When this was brought, I asked if I should help her; she told me she never touched that sort of wine; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon, which she liked better. She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which, she said, she could drink a glass or two herself; but finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities that passed between us, till it was time for me to
 mount

mount my horse; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short, her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting, and her artifices so inveigling, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for, which convinced me of the justness of Bishop Corbet's remarks before-quoted. Indeed, as I had ordered a superfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my hostess's sweet company, I think that the " " instead of the usual articles of bread and beer,—chicken,—wine, &c. might have been made out—for a smile,—an ogle,—a squeeze by the hand,—a chuck under the chin, a kiss, &c.--so much. For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an inn, where the landlady is not as ugly as Mother Redcap.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

BY MR. BOYCE.

DEEP in the grove, where tends this devious
way,

Whose various windings contradict themselves,
May mortal footstep venture here to stray,
Or is it sacred to the moon-light elves?

With cautious fear I tread the mossy maze;
Pardon, ye fairy pow'rs, if I intrude;
I come not envious on your rites to gaze,
Or mar your myst'ries with my presence rude.

A gentle nymph I seek, whose wand'ring steps
Perchance have stray'd to hear these linnets
chaunt:

Beneath the oak where yonder turtle weeps,
In vain I sought her melancholy haunt.

The silver stream, by whose meandering side
So oft endearing converse we have held,
All knowledge of her heedless course deny'd,
Nor happier answer did the meadows yield.

Ye fair inhabitants these boughs among,
 Tell me, have you the pretty damsel seen?
 Cease for a while your rapture-tuned song,
 And answer to my less melodious teen.

But hark!—methinks the rustling leaves declare
 Some near approach;—may it my Delia prove?
 And now—a double voice invades mine ear—
 Damon and Delia!—O forbid it, love!

This way she comes, well-acted innocence
 Almost persuades me she is lovely still;
 But passion sure is void of influence
 To cheat the senses, tho' it charms the will.

In tears, my Delia! what has Damon done?
 Say, did he force thee to this lonely grove?
 Has brutal violence thy virtue won,
 Deaf to the loud laments of suffering love?

No voice of anguish pierc'd this list'ning ear;
 Yet tell thy wrongs, and strait the spoiler dies:
 Vengeance shall poise the blood-reflecting spear,
 And strike the coward villain ere he flies.

She speaks—be mute, ye echoes to her voice,
 And let the tale in deep oblivion die—
 “That Damon there the fates decree my choice;
 “This blushing morn must view the solemn tie.

“ We long have liv’d and lov’d,—but now must
part —

“ Pity, ye faints ! the agonizing strife —

“ Forget me,—rend me from thy bleeding heart,

“ Thy long-lov’d mistress, or thy dearer wife.

“ What ! tho’ these eyes some tender tears may
shed,

“ Some looks of still alluring anguish cast ;

“ What ! tho’ this voice the cause of love may
plead,

“ Or these fond arms may strive to hold thee
fast ;

“ The wretched conflict thou must still sustain,

“ And feel no passion, or no passion own ;

“ Thy gentle nature now must smile on pain,

“ And each soft sense resolve itself to stone.

“ Thou first to love didst lead this simple heart,

“ And whisper’d all was innocence and peace ;

“ O teach me now, for thou alone hast art,

“ To bid this heav’n-opposed passion cease.”

O self-taught hypocrite ! instruction lags

Behind the swift invention of thy brain.

But know, false wench, Colin no longer drags

The galling weight of thy injurious chain.

Indignant

Indignant love the violation views

Of plighted vows, and bids the slave be free :
 Past pleasing accidents, like morning dews
 Smote by the sun, shall melt from memory.

Methinks already, or this vision lies,

Beauty hath left thy prostituted cheek ;
 And broad-ey'd impudence the place supplies
 Of modesty, so amiably meek.

For what remains—in lieu of love and truth,

And the fair train of their attending charms,]
 Lewdly enjoy thy satyr-visag'd youth,
 And see him grin in thy lascivious arms.

Quickly again thy loose desires shall change,

To try the fiercer force of foreign joys ;
 'Till Damon, more a satyr then, shall range
 The horned hoot of women and of boys.

THE COMPLAINT.

AN ELEGY.

OH Albion ! fam'd for arts, in arms renown'd,
 Where ev'ry grace once rear'd its lovely head,
 Where are thy ancient virtues to be found ?
 Say to what clime is thy Astræa fled ?

While

While rapine stalks gigantic thro' thy streets,
 A mad'ning lust, whose sacrilegious hand,
 With violation taints whate'er it meets,
 And spreads disorders o'er a groaning land.

Illustrious youths ! ye great ones of the earth,
 For whom fair science opes her mystic page ;
 How can ye stain the meed of laurel'd worth,
 By foul pollution and adult'rous rage ?

Say, can the guilty pleasures of an hour,
 Too dearly bought ; and, ah ! as quickly fled,
 Make you forget what's due to *virtue's* power,
 Or what to *nature*, and the genial bed ?

The speaking eye, the soul enchanting grace,
 Which fed desire, and charm'd the ravish'd sight ;
 Say, can desire itself so foul deface,
 And change to horror scenes of soft delight.

See where the lovely, desolated maid,
 Sits sadly sighing to the midnight air,
 To heav'n complains of easy faith betray'd,
 And beats her breast, the seat of black despair.

Or ah ! more horrid, frantic all, and wild,
 Cruel, perhaps, her offspring she destroys ;
 And, impious, dooms to death her guiltless child,
 The hapless victim of unhallow'd joys !

Alas

Alas for mercy ! where is pity flown,
 If scenes like these can fail to draw a tear,
 From such as virtue's lore have ever known,
 Or prov'd the raptures of a love sincere ?

In other parts, as wanton wishes guide,
 The giddy youths seek out the harlot's train,
 Sink on their breasts, their blandishments abide,
 And with short pleasure, purchase lasting pain.

Hence cold indiff'rence damps your marriage joys ;
 Hence dire disease infects the boiling blood ;
 Cuts short the thread of life, fair health destroys,
 And with black poison taints the vital flood.

By foul debauch, and lust adult'rous driv'n,
 See weeping Hymen quits this once lov'd shore,
 Inverts his blessings, takes his flight to heav'n,
 And for your children lights his torch no more.

Ah ! yet recal him, and his stay ensure : —
 Pursue not virtue to her last retreat,
 The breast of beauty : shun the harlot's lure,
 Whose ways are mis'ry, and her paths deceit.

So may the fair still smile upon your youth,
 Twine myrtle wreaths your laurel'd brows to
 grace,
 Still meet your faithful vows with love and truth,
 And crown your blessings with a virtuous race,

Where

Where bliss like this the laughing hours employ,
 Still shall life's landscape shine serenely bright;
 While wisdom's self shall sanctify your joy,
 And conscious worth enhance each dear delight.

J—— H——.

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

A FABLE.

AT dawn of day the farmer rose;
 The deadly snares were set;
 A lark with piercing cries and throes
 Was struggling in the net.

The flutt'ring pris'ner begg'd his life;
 O! pity me! he said;
 'Twould kill my children and my wife,
 To hear that I was dead.

I hurt no creature, I; the whole
 Wood round might vouch for *me*;
 I nor thy gold, nor silver stole;
 Let innocence be free.

One *grain* indeed this fatal morn
 I *took*; 'twas all I did.—
 To die for *one poor grain of corn*!
 Alas! kind heav'n forbid.

A red-

Hence Venus sprung, emerging from the wave,
 Which since inherits what her influence gave;
 Her snowy bosom o'er the flood she rais'd,
 The nereids envy'd, as the sea gods prais'd;
 Her ruddy blushes kindled all her frame,
 And warm'd the element from whence she came.

Ere Sol, refresh'd, from Thetis' lap arose,
 Or bade Aurora's nymph the dawn disclose,
 Old Ocean's God quits *Amphitrite's* bed,
 And strokes night's circling billows from his head;
 With eye serene surveys the quiet deep,
 And sees his realms within the folds of sleep.

Happy the kingdom which the monarch's eye,
 Thus watchful guards nor sees a danger nigh.

To Triton with paternal voice he calls,
 " Quick lead my finny coursers from their stalls;
 " As on this day thy father *Neptune* led
 " Fair *Amphitrite* to the nuptial bed;
 " Her blushing beauties met my eager arms,
 " And bless'd my wishes with her virgin charms;
 " Sated with love, she now adorns my side,
 " Nor longer knows the fervors of a bride:
 " But, Triton, thou my mandate straight obey,
 " Summon the nymphs to grace the nuptial day;
 " This annual morn a festival I keep,
 " To entertain the beauties of the deep,
 " Whether

" Whether upon the dolphin's back they ride,
 " Or in the rivers bathe their snowy side ;
 " To every silver lake and flood repair,
 " Naiads and nereids with cerulean hair ;
 " Tell them, their queen, bright *Amphitrite*, claims
 " This tributary honour from the streams ;
 " Their azure tresses let them quick display,
 " And paint their charms in honour of the day."

Triton obeys, the vocal shell he fills,
 The fountains hear him to their distant hills ;
 Pleas'd they attend the god of ocean's call,
 And grace with deities the ample hall.

O muse ! their names and dignities relate,
 And say what seas and rivers grac'd the state.

FIRST OCEAN [BRITISH.]

The British ocean first advanced to view,
 Various the gifts from different climes she drew,
 She comes enriched with iv'ry and gold,
 With slaves adorn'd, and warlike treasure bold ;
 A ship of war salutes her as she pass'd,
 And bends the waving honours of her mast.

SECOND OCEAN [ATLANTIC.]

From north to south the great Atlantic rolls,
 And with her billows seems to wash the poles ;

Rich

Rich wines and fruits her laden vessels freight,
And foreign treasures on her commerce wait.

THIRD OCEAN [SOUTH SEA.]

The great south sea for golden ingots known,
Attends the state of *Amphitrite's* throne;
Rich cochineal its scarlet wealth displays,
And indico presents its purple rays;
A cocoa nut of ample size she gave,
Fill'd with rich sugars by a negro slave;
Rich were her robes of state, her train was new,
By Mexico supported and Peru.

FOURTH OCEAN [INDIAN.]

The Indian ocean next appear'd in place,
In her right hand she held a China vase;
In Persian perfume as the nymph drew near,
The di'mond jewels glitter'd in her ear.

FIFTH OCEAN [NORTHERN.]

The northern sea displays his icy waves,
Rushing from Lapland's heights and jellied laves;
A diadem of icicles he wears,
Cloath'd with the fur of white amphibious bears;
Which nightly on the fetter'd ocean prowls,
And to the moon their horrid dirges howl;
Here, as old legends tell, o'er frozen tides
Upon a broom the polar forc'ers rides;

To

To wind-bound mariners she vends her gales,
 Or raises storms to rend their hapless sails;
 Then on the coasts she wrecks the wretched
 crews,
 And in their blood her webbed hands imbrues;
 Luxurious feasts upon their reeking gore,
 And leaves th' unbury'd carcase on the shore.

RIVERS [THAMES.]

The Thames, bright queen of rivers rolls her
 flood,
 Not less respected for her mounds of mud;
 Wedded to Isis in connubial loves,
 Her currents visit academic groves.

[SEVERN, &c.]

Sabrina next presents her silver store,
 And Tweed that washes Caledonia's shore.
 Humber his hospitable flood extends,
 Receiving Trent and Derwent as his friends.
 Old Cam whose streams salute the muses seat,
 And Tyne where colliers wash their sooty feet.

FOREIGN RIVERS.

Foreign Orentes, Danube, Po, and Rhine,
 In speed contend to rush before the Boyne;

C

But

But William's glory gives the river force,
 Bids him take place, and dignifies his course;
 Through tracts of land the tawny Shannon roars,
 Ten thousand villas grace his verdant shores.
 Naiads and nereids mix'd present the knee,
 And bend to Amphitrite's majesty.
 So, maids of honour, eager to be seen,
 Affecting duty, press about a queen;
 They frisk, they bound throughout the sea-green
 hall,
 Blyth as terrestrial nymphs to grace a ball.

Upon a throne of pearls the goddesses fate,
 While sea-calves cring'd like ministers of state;
 God of the winds, great Æolus was there,
 But bade each surly tempest disappear;
 The milder gales, like courtiers, had access,
 And fann'd the throne with sycophant address.
 The southern breezes on the ocean play,
 And Zephyr curl'd the surface of the bay:
 Around the mermaids wring their dripping locks,
 And tuneful sirens wake the neighb'ring rocks.
 Arion behold upon a dolphin rides,
 And with melodious music smooths the tides;
 Th'enormous whale shoves his huge bulk along,
 And, like a floating isle attends the song.

Pleas'd with his guests the ruling pow'r surveys,
 The vast inhabitants of floods and seas;

Then

Then thus bespoke them with an eye serene :

“ This is the annual day which gave a queen

“ To Neptune’s realms.—The day in pleasure
waste,

“ And crown my board with elegance and taste.”

He spoke, and wav’d his trident as a wand,
When lo! the fish of sea, of lake, of pond,
Present themselves to grace the royal feast,
Or please the various *gout* † of ev’ry guest ;
Their sov’reign’s banquet all with pleasure fill,
Not, like some slaves, devour’d against their will.
The pike forgets his hunger and his prey,
And presses to be dish’d on such a day ;
The sav’ry lobster crawls to greet his king,
And river trout their lesser off’ring bring.
The curdy salmon swims with eager haste,
And quits her fry to crown the rich repast ;
E’en oysters too their pearly shells would show,
But what’s the will without the pow’r to go ?
So men of genius, cramp’d by fortune’s shell,
Forbid to act, can never merit well ;
While subtle knaves officious to be great,
Push without genius, and arrive at state.

J. A.

† Taste.

The subject of the following fragment, is the recital of a melancholy circumstance, which is said to have happened at the battle of Shrewsbury, which H. Percy, surnamed Hotspur, lost (together with his life) to king Henry IV. and his son. The event is uncommon, and serves to set forth the horrors of civil wars.

EMMA OF SHREWSBURY.

A FRAGMENT.

WHERE wide Salopia's fertile plains extend,
 And circling Severn bids her waters bend,
 When the fourth Henry England's sceptre sway'd,
 Young Emma liv'd a fair and virtuous maid :
 Sweet was her breath as roses newly blown,
 Such was her form, as Venus self might own ;
 So gently fram'd, so innocently gay,
 She charm'd all eyes, and stole all hearts away.
 But one alone, of all the noble train
 That sought her hand, her favour could obtain :
 Edwin his name, rich, young, and nobly bold ;
 With passing art each tender tale he told ;
 Her sire and brother to his suit gave ear,
 And blushing Emma saw her nuptials near ;

When

When angry Percy, in an evil hour,
 Defy'd his king, and rais'd a mighty pow'r;
 And on the Severn's banks resolv'd to dare
 Great Henry and his youthful heir to war.
 Her father, Morcar (once a valiant knight)
 Now, worn with age, abstain'd from fields of
 fight;

Yet for his king he rous'd his son to arms,
 Experienc'd Edwin, train'd to war's alarms:
 But Edwin, now engag'd on Percy's side,
 At Morcar's hands in vain demands his bride;
 Till, by surprize, beneath the night's dim shade,
 He to the camp convey'd the lovely maid.
 For him her father, brother, glad she leaves,
 And, ere the fight, his proffer'd vows receives.

The battle join'd, amid' that scene of blood,
 A blooming warrior by his side she stood;
 Now fits his armour with officious cares,
 Now for his safety wearies heav'n with pray'rs.
 Amaz'd her foes survey the warlike bride,
 And turn their half descending swords aside.

But now the prince, whose fate in after days,
 Design'd his country's name in arms to raise,
 Glowing with rage, preferring fame to life,
 Singl'd forth Edwin in the fatal strife;
 Nor Emma here the field inglorious fled,
 Thrice twang'd her bow, and thrice her shafts
 she sped:

But vain her aid, her lover's valour vain,
 By furious Monmouth stretch'd upon the plain;
 And here one fate two faithful hearts had join'd,
 In death united, as in life combin'd;
 But gallant Percy, threat'ning from afar,
 Gloomy and dreadful, rush'd amid the war,
 Reserv'd her from the victor's threat'ning dart,
 And aim'd a deadly jav'lin at his heart:
 The spear no passage thro' his buckler found,
 But o'er his shoulder fix'd a ghastly wound;
 With heavy eyes, that shot forth gloomy fires,
 He drops his lance, and from the fight retires.

Now low in earth had England's hope been laid,
 But Edred hasten'd timely to his aid;
 With eager speed before the prince he press'd,
 Oppos'd the steel, and felt it in his breast;
 Unhappy Emma saw her brother slain,
 And her lov'd Edwin on the hostile plain.
 The pitying Percy sought to sooth her care,
 And bore her fainting from the ranks of war;
 Forc'd from her grasp her lover's fatal sword,
 Which else had given her passage to her lord.
 "When we return (said he) with glory crown'd,
 "To heal thy woes shall some relief be found;
 "Unbounded joy shall bid complaining cease,
 "And speak thy woe-fraught bosom into peace."
 In vain, alas; the prince returns no more,
 Stretch'd on the sedgy Severn's naked shore,
 Condemn'd

Condemn'd in fight a hapless end to meet,
 Beneath his royal conqu'ring rival's feet;
 Ev'n where his lance had given the erring wound,
 His own undaunted body prest the ground:
 Greatly he fell! — but Emma, weeping maid,
 The victor-princes from the field convey'd;
 While angry Monmouth's tears were seen to flow,
 To hear the beauteous rebel's tale of woe.
 He charg'd his guards with tender care to bear,
 To Morcar's house, the sadly mourning fair;
 But ere she reach'd the hospitable dome,
 Her once much-lov'd, and dear, delightful home,
 Her father's clay-cold corse, a weeping train,
 Bore to her feet, by his own poniard slain;
 For rumour's tongue had spread his son's sad fate,
 And Henry victor in the stern debate,
 Small hope of Emma's forfeit life could yield,
 Ev'n if she 'scap'd the horrors of the field.
 Despairing thus, the aged chieftain fell,
 And bade, with sighs, a wretched world farewell.
 Thus prest'd with grief, in all her wishes cross'd,
 Her sire, her brother, and her lover lost,
 Fix'd, motionless she stood, nor silence broke,
 (As one who feels th' avenging thunder's stroke)
 At length, (fear adding strength) the virgin-
 bride,
 Burst from her train, and sought the Severn's side;
 Ev'n there, where once the young Sabrina brave
 Perish'd, indignant, in the foaming wave;

With streaming eyes and agonizing woe,
 The damsel plung'd her in the deep below.
 For her no trophy'd hearse, no torches bright,
 Gild the dun horrors of the conscious night;
 But weeping heav'n pours fast a rushing show'r,
 And Severn lifts his waves, distain'd with gore;
 Loud thunders roll, and livid light'nings play,
 The simple swains with horror mark the day;
 Some say, that by the moon's pale light they
 view'd

Her shade ascending from the angry flood,
 Till in the clouds she met her lover's form,
 And with him soar'd to heav'n, amid the bel-
 lowing storm,
 And still the rustics to their sons relate,
 The dismal story of fair Emma's fate,
 As oft as "in long winter nights" they tell,
 How Monmouth fought, how gallant Percy fell.

J. H.

ALLEN.

ALLEN AND ELLA.

A FRAGMENT. †

ON the banks of that cryftalline ſtream
 Where Thames, oft, his current delays;
 And charms, more than poets can dream,
 In his Richmond's bright villa ſurveye.

Fair

† A ſurreptitious copy of this appeared (agreeable to the date below) under the names of COLIN and LUCY: and, at a time when all modern productions were decry'd, this piece, by means of the following preface, met with an approbation which otherwiſe, no doubt, it would have failed of.

To the READER.

The MS. bears date (anno 1609), at Eaſt-Sheene in Surry, the then bright reſidence of a maiden queen, and her royal court. Who the perſonages were, concealed under the ſimple characters of ALLEN and ELLA, does not rightly appear; but, as a lady of the noble family of Hungerford is recorded to have drowned herſelf much about that period, 'tis more than probable it gave birth to the above ſo affecting tale; and the reader is left to judge, how far the productions of that refined age would have exceeded thoſe of the preſent, had more of them been, fortunately, preſerved.

It is hoped, that time has not ſo injured other pieces, as to prevent their being preſented to the public hereafter. What parts of this were unintelligible, are only gueſſed at: for the editor, as he would not dare the adding to, choſe alſo, not to diminiſh from, ſo valuable a FRAGMENT.

Richmond, May 1, 1755.

Fair Ella ! of all the gay throng
 The fairest that nature had seen,
 Now drew ev'ry village along,
 From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah ! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r,
 For short is the triumph, ye fair !
 Not fleeter the bloom of each flow'r ;
 And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,
 By riches endeavours to prove ;
 But Ella still cries, what is gold,
 Or wealth, when compar'd to his love ?

Yes, Allen, together we'll wield
 Our sickles in summer's bright day ;
 Together we'll leaze o'er the field,
 And smile all our labours away.

In winter I'll winnow the wheat,
 As it falls from thy flail on the ground :
 That flail will be music as sweet,
 When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft wou'd he speak of his bliss !
 How oft wou'd he call her his maid ;
 And Allen would seal with a kiss
 Ev'ry promise and vow that he laid.

But,

But, hark ! o'er the grafs-level † land,
 The village bells found on the plain ;
 False Allen this morn gave his hand,
 And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too soon, heard the tale,
 Too soon the sad cause she was told,
 That his was a nymph of the vale,
 That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,
 Which § ———— side,
 How oft' she was languishing seen !
 How oft' wou'd she gaze on the tide !

By the clear river, then, as she fate,
 Which reflected herself and the mead ;
 Awhile she be-wept her sad fate,
 And the green turf still pillow'd her head.

There, there ! is it Ella I see ?
 'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid !
 Ah ! no, 'tis some Ella like me,
 Some hapless young virgin betray'd.

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept,
 Like me she has fondly believ'd ;
 Like me her true promise she kept,
 And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come,

† Most likely the village of Peterham.

§ In the original (much damaged in this particular place) it seems to be : " Which be-rings that sweet river's side."

I come, dear companion in grief!
 Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!
 I come, and we'll gather relief
 From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like you, I have mourn'd the long night,
 And wept out the day in despair;
 Like you, I have banish'd delight,
 And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows so lively †, farewell!
 Your velvet still Allen shall tread;
 All deaf to the sound of that knell
 Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd;
 Nor Allen her loss shall bemoan;
 Soon, soon shall poor Ella be laid
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own,

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair,
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate;
 As together ye draw the free air,
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate;

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh,
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,
 And ‡ ———— die.

Ah!

† In the MS. it appears "lovely."

‡ Perhaps it is, "And the violet languish and die."

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream ;
 Tears are lost in that wat'ry plain,
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grafs-springing bed ;
 The liquid stream parts, to the ground,
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, at eve,
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew ;
 There, wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands, of ev'ry flow'r,
 (Which Ella herself shou'd have made,)]
 They raise up a short-living bow'r ;
 And, fighting ! cry, " Peace to her shade."

Then, hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
 The green-platting hillock around ;
 They talk of poor Ella, and love ;
 And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish they had never been born,
 Or liv'd, the sad moment to view !
 When her Allen could thus be forsworn,
 And his Ella could still be so true.

LINES

LINES ON THE

MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF THE
MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

The poet after giving a short but just character of the marquis ; and describing the grief of his noble father the duke of Bedford, proceeds thus :

SEE where the object of his filial love,
His mother, lost in tears, laments his doom :
Speak comfort to her soul:—
O ! from the sacred fount, where flow thy streams
Of heav'nly consolation, O ! one drop,
To sooth his hapless wife ! sharp sorrow preys
Upon her tender frame—Alas, she faints,—
She falls ! still grasping in her hand
The picture of her lord—All gracious heav'n !
Just are thy ways, and righteous thy decrees,
But dark and intricate ; else why this meed
For tender faithful love ; this sad return
For innocence and truth ? Was it for this
By virtue and the smiling graces led,
(Fair types of long succeeding years of joy,)
She twin'd the votive wreath at Hymen's shrine,
So

So soon to fade and die?—Yet O! reflect,
 Chaste partner of his life! you ne'er deplor'd
 His alienated heart: (disastrous state!
 Condition worse than death!) the sacred torch
 Burnt to the last its unremitted fires!
 The conscious thought of every duty paid,
 That sweet reflection shall support thy mind.
 This be thy comfort:—turn thine eyes awhile,
 Nor with that lifeless picture feed thy woe;
 Turn yet thine eyes; see how they court thy
 smiles,
 Those infant pledges of connubial joy!
 Dwell on their looks, and trace his image there:
 And O! since heav'n, in pity to thy loss,
 For thee one future blessing has in store†,
 Cherish that tender hope—hear reason's voice.
 Hush'd be the storms that vex thy troubled breast,
 And angels guard thee in the hour of pain.

THE CONTENTED PAIR.

A cottage, with a steeple nigh,
 A little brook that bubbles by;
 A garden full of fruits and flowers,
 Of mossy beds and shady bowers;
 An orchard richly stor'd with fruit
 That any lady's taste may suit;

Daifies

† She was then with child,

Daisies o'er spread th' enamel'd ground,
 Diffusing fragrance all around ;
 The tender trees and shrubs exhale,
 Those sweets that blow with ev'ry gale ;
 The fertile lands and fruitful fields,
 Enliv'ning all that nature yields ;
 Without, you view this lovely frame,
 Within, the scene is much the same.
 Tho' some would call our cottage mean,
 Few palaces are kept so clean.
 For sumptuous fare we never look
 When there's a fitch upon the hook.
 Blest with two lovely girls and boys,
 Who part our care and share our joys,
 We chearful pass the time away
 In labour all the live long day ;
 With hearts quite open and sincere,
 With no improper wish or fear,
 We study, aim, and wish to do
 Just as we would be done unto ;
 Thinking content a greater gain
 Than pride with all her haughty train,
 Or blaze and splendour of a court,
 Where honour's often but a sport.
 Contented, as we said before,
 We neither ask or wish for more ;
 To wish for more were but a jest,
 To providence we leave the rest.

V E R S E S,

OCCASIONED BY A COMPARISON WHICH WAS MADE
 BETWEEN A YOUNG † LADY OF QUALITY,
 OF DISTINGUISHED BEAUTY AND MERIT,
 AND MISS LAWRENCE.

ASPASIA, Laura, lovely pair !
 Each with love's fires the bosom warm,
 Both tender, virtuous, young and fair,
 But yet by different means they charm.

Aspasia, birth and titles grace,
 Yet is she humble, mild and free ;
 While Laura's stem no heralds trace,
 Yet every look has majesty.

When blushes paint Aspasia's face,
 Bespeaking modesty and sense,
 We almost think a court the place
 To seek for conscious innocence.

When awful grace and dignity,
 In low-born Laura's eye we find,
 We then confess to no degree
 True grace and greatness are confin'd.

D

Aspasia,

† Lady D. S----r.

Aspasia, every tongue must own,
 Adds lustre e'en to princely state;
 While Laura proves (though fortune frown)
 That merit needs not to be great.

Though blest'd with ev'ry charm and grace,
 Aspasia, grieve not then to see
 A lowly maid, in mind and face,
 Nam'd thus a rival e'en to thee.

And, Laura, thou this lesson hear,
 That gentlest manners may be found,
 E'en in the high-exalted fair,
 Whom pomp and vanity surround.

THE NAIAD OF BATH.

TO COLONEL S-----.

DEAR col'nel, you enjoin'd the task,
 An easy one for you to ask,
 As easy me to grant;
 For where both join in sympathy,
 'Tis very easy to agree,
 To seek what both we want.

You bid me sing a hymn to health,
 For what are talents, titles, wealth,
 Without her favours blest?

Come,

Come, goddess, come, propitious hear,
In all thy rosy trim appear,
And lull our pains to rest.

I sung ;—the goddess heard my prayer,
And said, “ To Avon’s banks repair,
“ Where Bladud’s waters flow ;
“ There have I plac’d a lovely maid,
“ Lawrence, fair mistress of my trade,
“ And substitute below.”

—But, oh ! ye invalids beware
How you approach the pump ! for there
Cupid in ambush lies ;
There, while her hands deal health around,
The wanton rogue is sure to wound,
And kills us through her eyes.

But what kind caution e’er could save,
From her sweet chains, the willing slave,
As we too fondly know ;
The god at random lanc’d a dart,
Which wounded you quite through the heart,
And me from head to toe.

A NEW TALE

GRAFTED ON AN OLD STORY.

THRO' Moorfields, at the peep of day,
 A troop of sportsment took their way ;
 In rustic state they rode along,
 A ranting, purse-proud, thoughtless throng,
 With modish nabs, and tight furtouts,
 And bright spring spurs, and jemmy boots ;
 These in the foremost ranks appear ;
 Falc'ners, hawks, dogs, compose the rear.

A bedlamite, by chance let out,
 With gaping grin admir'd the rout ;
 And when the cava'cade had pass'd,
 Beckon'd and bawl'd to stop the last.——
 “ Good friend (said he) pray let me know
 “ What means this sort of raree show,
 “ And who's yon green coat riding there,
 “ That cracks his whip with such an air ;
 “ Is he your brother ? sure he is ;
 “ For you're much like in dress and phyzz.”

No, he's our 'squire (reply'd the other)
 But loves me better than a brother :

And

And well he may, for ne'er a man
 Could train his falcons as I can :
 This, on my hand, tho' lately made,
 Is quite a master of his trade,
 And shews more sense, if I may say't,
 Than all yon folks have in their pate :
 'Tis that has brought them all together,
 To try his blood, this charming weather.

“ Well (said the first) and pray what hire
 “ May you have yearly from the 'squire ?”

A score (said he) of yellow boys,
 Besides some other casual toys ;
 A waistcoat lac'd, unsoil'd and clever,
 Or ruffled shirts as whole as ever,
 And oftentimes a lucky pounce
 Tempts him to throw me half an ounce ;
 Besides the best of meat and drink,
 And all too little, you may think,
 For the fatigue that I endure
 In bringing young ones to the lure :
 But such an ord'nary, you know,
 Is no bad thing, as markets go.

“ Has he a son ?” rejoin'd the fool !
 Ay, but he's boarded out at school.

“ What has his tutor by the year ?”
 As much as I, or very near.

“ Is that the case? o’ertake your master,
 “ Tell him, from me, to gallop faster;
 “ For if our keeper gets him here,
 “ He’ll tie him down, at least, a year.”

R U L E S

FOR THE SITUATION AND CONSTRUCTION OF
 COUNTRY SEATS.

BY RICHARD JAGO, M.A.

WOULD ye, with faultless judgment, learn
 to plan

The rural seat? to copy, as ye rove,
 The well-form’d picture, and correct design?
 First shun the false extremes of high and low;
 With watry vapours this your fretted walls
 Will soon deface; and that, with rough assault,
 And frequent tempest, shake your tott’ring roof.
 Me most the gentle eminence delights
 Of healthy champaign, to the sunny south
 Fair op’ning, and with woods, and circling hills,
 Nor too remote, nor, with too close embrace,
 Stopping the buxom air, behind enclos’d.
 But if your lot hath fall’n in fields less fair,
 Consult their genius, and, with due regard
 To nature’s clear directions, shape your plan;
 The site too lofty shelter; and the low,

With

With sunny lawns, and open areas cheer.
 The marsh drain, and, with capacious urns,
 And well conducted streams, refresh the dry.
 So shall your lawns with healthful verdure smile,
 While others, sick'ning at the sultry blaze,
 A ruffet wild display, or the rank blade,
 And matted tufts the careless owner shame.
 Seek not, with fruitless cost, the level plain
 To raise aloft, nor sink the rising hill.
 Each hath its charms, though different, each, in
 kind,

Improve, not alter. Art with art conceal.
 Let no strait terrac'd lines your slopes deform,
 No barb'rous walls restrain the bounded sight.
 With better skill your chaste designs display;
 And to the distant fields the closer scene
 Connect. The spacious lawn with scatter'd trees
 Irregular, in beauteous negligence,
 Clothe bountiful. Your unimprison'd eye,
 With pleasing freedom, thro' the lofty maze
 Shall rove, and find no dull satiety.
 The winding stream with stiffen'd line avoid
 To torture, nor prefer the long canal,
 Or labour'd fount, to nature's easy flow,
 And artless fall. Your grav'ly winding paths
 Now to the fresh'ning breeze, or sunny gleam
 Directed, now with high embow'ring trees,
 Or fragrant shrubs conceal'd with frequent seat,
 And rural structure deck. Their pleasing form

To fancy's eye suggests inhabitants
 Of more than mortal make, and their cool shade,
 And friendly shelter, to refreshment sweet
 And wholesome meditation shall invite.

To ev'ry structure give its proper site.
 Nor, on the dreary heath, the gay alcove,
 Nor the lone hermit's cell or mournful urn,
 Build, on the sprightly lawn. The grassy slope
 And sheltered border for the cool arcade,
 Or Tuscan porch reserve. To the chaste dome,
 And fair rotunda give the swelling mount
 Of freshest green. If to the Gothic scene
 Your taste incline, in the well-water'd vale,
 With lofty pines embrown'd, the mimic fane,
 And mould'ring abbey's fretted windows place,
 The craggy rock, or precipitious hill,
 Shall well become the castle's massy walls,
 In royal villas the palladian arch,
 And Grecian portico, with dignity,
 Their pride display: ill suits their lofty rank
 The simpler scene. If chance historic deeds
 Your fields distinguish, count them doubly fair,
 And studious, aid, with monumental stone,
 And faithful comment, fancy's fond review.

ON A LADY'S ASKING A GENTLEMAN
HOW MUCH HE LOVED HER,

TO MISS -----.

MY passion, Sylvia, to prove,
You bid me tell how much I love.
I love thee then—but language fails—
More than bees love flow'ry vales;
More than turtle loves his dove;
More than warblers love the grove;
More than nature loves the spring;
More than linnet loves to sing;
More than insects sunny beams;
More than poets airy dreams;
More than fishes love the flood;
More than patriots publick good;
More than flocks the grassy plains,
More than hinds increasing rains;
More than statesman loves his plot;
More than am'rous age to doat;
More than lords their pedigree;
More than Britons to be free;
More than heirs love twenty-one;
More than heroes laurels won;
More than elves the moon-light shade;
More than ancient maids to wed;

More

More than hermit loves his cell;
 More than beauty to excel;
 More than miser loves his store;
 More than myself—can I do more?

D. M.

AN ELEGY ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER,

WHEN PARTRIDGES ARE ALLOWED TO BE KILLED
 BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

WHEN the still night withdrew her sable
 shroud,
 And left these climes with steps sedate and flow;
 Whilst sad Aurora kerchief'd in a cloud,
 With drizzly vapours hung the mountain's brow:

The wretched bird from hapless † Perdix sprung,
 With trembling wings forsook the furrow'd plain;
 And calling round her all her list'ning young,
 In falt'ring accents sung this plaintive strain:

“Unwelcome morn! full well thy low'ring mien
 “Foretells the slaughters of th'approaching day;
 “The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene,
 “Where pale-ey'd terror re-assumes her sway.

“Ah,

† Perdix was supposed to be turned into a partridge. See Ovid's
Metamorphoses.

“ Ah, luckless train ! ah, fate-devoted race ;
 “ The dreadful tale, experience tells, believe ;
 “ Dark heavy mists obscure the morning’s face,
 “ But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.

“ This day, fell man, whose unrelenting hate
 “ No grief can soften, and no tears assuage ;
 “ Pours dire destruction on the feather’d state,
 “ Whilst pride and rapine urge his savage rage.

“ I, who so oft have ’scap’d th’impending snare,
 “ Ere night arrives may feel the fiery wound ;
 “ In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
 “ And stain with streaming gore the dewy ground.”

She said ; when lo ! the pointer winds his prey,
 The rustling stubble gives the fear’d alarm ;
 The gunner views the covey fleet away,
 And rears th’unerring tube with skilful arm.

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight,
 The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies ;
 Her scatter’d offspring swim before her sight,
 And, bath’d in blood, she flutters, pants, and dies.

H. P.

THE

THE SCULL'S ADDRESS,

ON BEING LOOKED ON.

WHY start ! this case will yours be very soon,
 In some few years, perhaps the coming moon.
 Life, at its utmost length, is scarce a breath,
 And those who longest dream, must wake in death.
 Like you, I once thought ev'ry bliss secure,
 And gold of ev'ry ill the certain cure ;
 Till plung'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,
 Too late I found all earthly riches vain.
 Disease made fruitless quite the sordid fee,
 And death still answer'd,—“ What is gold to me ? ”
 Fame, titles, honours, next I vainly sought,
 And fools, obsequious, nurs'd each childish thought,
 Elate with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,
 I built on endless grandeur, endless days ;
 Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,
 And laid a prouder beggar by my side.
 Pleasure I courted, and indulg'd my taste,
 The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast.
 A loathsome carcase was my only care,
 And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.
 Go on, vain man ! to luxury be firm,
 Yet know I feasted but to feast a worm.

Already

Already sure less terrible I seem,
 And you, like me, shall own that life's a dream.
 Farewell ! remember ! nor my words despise,
 " The only happy are the early wise."

INCOG.

THE EASY CHAIR.

COME, thou indulgent friend to soft repose,
 Whether with crimson, green, or yellow
 lin'd ;

Come with thy downy lap, and let's embrace
 While thus supine I sink into thy arms :
 When man can't saunter thro' the silent grove,
 Or under shade to tufted trees, alone
 Indulge in solitude his weary hours ;
 When chilling damps, or winter's nipping frost,
 Denies access to silent hawthorn bow'rs :
 Oh grant him heav'n ! grant him your next best
 gift,

The soft, reclining, gentle, easy chair :
 There if by gambol, or in jocund dance,
 Or if by skating o'er the frozen stream
 (Health breeding exercise) be chance to tire,
 There, brisk activity gives up her sway,
 And yields dominion to all-powerful ease.
 Hail smiling ease ! philosophy's great pride,

Mother

Mother of meditation, and the nurse
 Of all the tribes in sportive fancy's train.
 Without thy care great Newton ne'er had found
 The laws of nature, or discover'd worlds.
 Hail cheerful ruler of the mental pow'rs !
 Here now accept a vot'ry at thy shrine,
 And cheer with smiles a wearied son of care.

C. B.

[The following well-imagined and affecting *elegy*,
 was written by a young gentleman of fashion,
 upon the loss of a most amiable wife.]

A N E L E G Y.

In every varied posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd every thought of every joy !
 Thought, busy thought, too busy for my peace !
 Strays, wretched rover ! o'er the pleasing PAST ;
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
 And finds all desert now.

YOUNG.

I N Burton's favourite groves, alas, how chang'd
 By Charlotte's death ! oft let me devious rove
 Indulging grief ; where gladsome once I rang'd,
 In sweet society with peace and love.

Oft

Oft in the silent evening, all alone,
 When solemn twilight shades the face of day,
 The plaintive muse shall hither waft her moan;
 With tenderest passion here inspire my lay.

These hours, allotted to that muse's hand,
 To latest time thy memory shall endear;
 While soft ideas rise at her command,
 And in luxurious sorrow prompt the tear.

Recall, soft fame of gentleness and love!
 That calm, which triumph'd o'er thy parting
 breath;
 That blooming texture by the graces wove:
 —And are those eyes for ever set in death?

One more—and then—farewell! one lingering
 view
 Tore my fond soul from all it held so dear:
 'Twas o'er!—farewell—my joys: sweet hope,
 adieu!
 —Adieu, my love!—we part for ever here:

No! in the still of night, my restless thought
 Pursues thy image thro' its change unknown;
 Steals oft unnotic'd to the dreary vault,
 And in that vale of sorrow pours my own:

For,

For, since the hour that clos'd our blooming scene,
 Once has it wander'd from its darling trust ?
 It sounds thy voice ; still animates thy mien,
 And haunts thy slumbers in the sacred dust.

Each conscious walk of tenderness and joy,
 Thy faithful partner oft alone shall tread ;
 Recount, while anguish heaves the frequent sigh,
 How bliss on bliss thy smiling influence shed !

Though mine be many—many rolling years !
 Extatic thought shall linger still on thee ;
 Time rolls in vain—remembrance, with her tears—
—You that have lost an angel—pity me !

Thy smiles were mine—were oft ; and only mine ;
 Nor yet forsook me in the face of death :
 E'en now they live—still o'er thy beauties shine ;
 For fancy's magic can restore thy breath.

Painful reflection !—can the active mind,
 Which penetrates the vast expanse of day,
 Long languish in this palsied mass confin'd,
 Nor burst these fetters of obtruding clay ?

Ah, no !—She beckons me—for yet she lives !
 Lives in yon regions of unfading joy !
 She points the fair reward that virtue gives ;
 —Which chance, nor change, nor ages can destroy.

Let

Let folly animate this transient scene
 With every bloom that fancy can supply :
 Reflection bends not on a point so mean ;
 Nor courts this moment, since the next we die.

The dearest objects hasten to decay :
 (An awful lesson to the pensive mind !)
 My Charlotte's beauties so soon pass'd away :
 Nor left, but in my heart, *a wreck behind.*

IN Peck's collection of historical pieces (which is in but few hands) is the following curious and entertaining epitaph, written in the reign of queen Elizabeth upon Sir Thomas Scot, of Scot's hall, Kent, who died Dec. 30, 1594, and was buried at Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of Sir William Kemp. He served in several parliaments as knight of the shire. In 1588, upon the council's sending him a letter on the Wednesday acquainting him with the approach of the Spanish armada, he sent 4000 men to Dover on the Thursday.

Here lies Sir Thomas Scot by name ;
 O hapie Kempe that bore him !
 Sir Raynold, with four knights of fame,
 Lyv'd lineally before him.

His wifes were Baker, Heyman, Beere;
 His love to them unfayned;
 He lyved nine and fifty yeare;
 And seventeen fowles he gayned.

His first wief bore them everie one:
 The world myght not have myst her!
 She was a verie paragon,
 The ladie Buckerst's sister.

His widowe lyves in sober sorte;
 No matron more discreter:
 She still reteiynes a good reporte,
 And is a good howsekeeper.

He (being call'd to better place)
 Did what might best behove him.
 The queen of England gave him grace;
 The King of Heav'n did love him.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
 His kin and cuntrie cried!
 Both younge and old in Kent may saye,
 Woe worth the day he died.

He made his porter shut his gates
 To sycophants and briebers;
 And ope them wide to greate estates,
 And also to his neighbors.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
 Whose bred and beef was redie;
 It was a verie hospitall,
 And refuge for the needie;

From whence he never slept aside,
 In winter nor in summer;
 In Christmas time he did provide
 Good cheere for every comer.

When any servis shold be donne,
 He lyeked not to lyngar;
 The rich wold ride, the poore wold runne,
 If he held up his finger.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
 He did indite most finely;
 He us'd fewe words, but cold discour.
 Both wisely and dyvinelye.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
 His daughters well bestowed;
 Although that he were left in debt,
 In fine, he nothing owed;

But died in rich and happie state,
 Belov'd of man and woman;
 And (which is yeat much more than that)
 He was envy'd of no man.

Ambition he did not regard,
 No boaster nor no bragger;
 He spent, and lookt for no reward;
 He cold not play the bagger.

In justice he dyd much excele,
 In law he never wrangled;
 He loov'd rellygion wondrous well,
 But he was not new fangled.

Let Romney marsh, and Dover saye,
 Ask Norborn camp at leyseur,
 If he were wont to make delaye,
 To doe his cuntrye pleasure.

But Ashford's proffer passeth all,
 It was both rare and gentle,
 They would have payd his funerale,
 T' have entomb'd him in their temple.

R E T I R E M E N T.

AN ODE.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, A. M.

SHOOKE from the purple wings of even
 When dews impearl the grove,
 And from the darkening verge of heaven
 Beams the sweet star of love;

Laid

Laid on a daisy sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-ey'd youth of serious mien
Indulged this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale!
Ye groves, along whose windings wild,
Soft sighs the saddening gale;
Where oft lone melancholy strays,
By wilder'd fancy sway'd,
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Gleam through the chequer'd shade!

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms
To your retreats I fly;
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me my woes resign,
Where solitude, mild modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of care,
And stills each storm within!
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent vot'ry bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing.

Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When soft on leisure's lap reclin'd
 He carol'd sprightly lays :
 Blest days ! when fancy smiled at care,
 When pleasure toy'd with truth,
 Nor envy with malignant glare
 Had harm'd his simple youth.

'Twas then, O solitude, to thee
 His early vows were paid,
 From heart sincere and warm and free,
 Devoted to the shade.
 Ah ! why did fate his steps decoy,
 In stormy paths to roam,
 Remote from all congenial joy !—
 O take thy wanderer home.

Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine !
 The long-abandon'd hill ;
 The hollow cliff, whose waving pine
 O'er hangs the darksome rill ;
 Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To shades of deep repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song,
 And fragrant from the waste of flowers
 The zephyr breathes along ;

Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

Yet if some pilgrim 'mid the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore.

For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains this heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread;
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,
 By guileful hope misled:
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To mirth's enlivening strain:
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain.

ODE FOR LADY — —'s BIRTH-DAY.

WHILE some vain muse, deluded with the
 zeal,
 Which youthful bards inspir'd by beauty feel,
 Her festive garland brings,
 Suffer, dear girl, one sober friend
 His cypress with those flow'rs to blend,
 Attentive while he sings :
 Come, let's lament the jocund days are past,
 Lament whole years should run their course so fast,
 And that thy peerless charms have but few more
 to last !

When this the language of the town,
 " Can nothing but an earl go down ;
 I tremble lest her bloom should fade,
 And after all she die a maid !"

Sure in fair Albion's land was never seen
 A statelier form—a more majestic mien—

Limbs of such cast as thine ;
 Features you have of chastest mould,
 Lips—that make —'s look too cold,
 In spite of their carmine.

Not B—y's cheek boasts more becoming hue,
 Complexion you have, paragon'd by few,
 A countenance as sweet as either F—s or C—w,

How

How evidently thro' the clothes
Your pulpy thigh its ripeness shews ;
Can pins restrain that wanton breast,
It heaves—and you are half undrest !

Yet know, the full-blown flow'r is shortly clos'd,
Fruits, when mature, to the first gust expos'd,
Fall tasteless, and decay ;
Soon shall that bosom, flush'd with pride,
Abash'd, its little roses hide,
Its lillies die away.—

See F——y, angel once as you are now,
Spoilt is her shape—and rude enough her brow,
Tho' none less ravag'd for her years we must
allow :

Nay, folks still hold, 'tis hard to tell
If more inviting, she or B——l ;
Nor yields the mother to the daughter
For eyes of most voluptuous water.

What then shall S——e do?—No, God forbid !
As senseless D——d, or as S——y did,

Chill vestals out of date ;

They, whose ambition soar'd so high,
(Taught humbler maxims by the by)

Repented—when too late :

Tho' S——r, P——e, L——r, still be fair,
Tho' W——e be but little worse for wear,
Poor H—— has neither teeth nor hair.

Draw nearer home, and let us see
 How sad a change in E——y,
 Who but last spring a fav'rite toast,
 Is now an ill-condition'd ghost !

Ah, triumph not at an insidious age,
 Think when M——e left this mortal stage,
 Now mould'ring in the tomb ;
 S——k exulted in her prime,
 N——, tho' she had lost no time,
 Hop'd to protract her doom :
 While a whole nation weeps o'er Ruffel's bier,
 Lothario, Y——e, stopp'd in his gay career,
 And thy own H——d's shade claim a benignant tear.
 Could youth, could beauty, virtue save,
 The Sutherlands had yet no grave ;
 Or could we gain from heav'n above
 One model of connubial love.

Say, as at Ranelagh you walk'd the round,
 Feel ev'ry step imprinting the same ground,
 These hapless trod before ;
 At court, at Almack's, at Soho,
 Each crowded circle where you go,
 Sink not the spirits low'r ?
 'Midst the eclat of an enchanting scene,
 Bent, as you are, on mirth, I shrewdly ween,
 There rise some awful melancholy thoughts be-
 tween ;

While

While, be it own'd, in you we find
Symptoms of no consumptive kind;
Yet too high blood doth oft expose
To risks, alas! which T—d knows.

Nor deem it rashly done if we surmise,
Judging by gests, by vigour, and by size,
As well as by the face,
You're rather of the mother's breed
Than H——s, for his, indeed,
Should prove a puny race.

Some, *entre nous*, presumptuously may doubt,
Weak as he seems, and harrafs'd by the gout,
If she had e'er lain in, had never he lain out:
Tho' verily it matters not
By whom, or when, or where begot,
Unquestion'd your reputed fire,
Were his force equal to his fire.

Here be our praise to that industrious K—
From whose prolific loins you doubtless spring,
For rare examples shewn;
How merrily we spend our lives,
Gallanting virgins—and for wives
None sparing but our own:
'Twas he himself who sketch'd out the design,
But to embellish, relish, and refine,
This was a glorious task left for the G—n line!

Sweet

Sweet scenes at Richmond, or the Toy !
That gust of pleasure to enjoy,
Which Charles's high-attemper'd vein
Brought from the borders of the Seine,

This lesson you an infant learnt by heart,
" True rapture only suits a matron's part,"

So dull in days of yore;
When hands at church no sooner join'd,
The bride was to her house confin'd,
Could flirt, could rake no more :
Wedlock was then esteem'd a servile yoke,
Now 'tis improv'd to a convenient cloak,
And all old-fashion'd vows as soon as made are
broke.

Worse steps than ever H—r took,
In P——y, or in B——e,
Are proofs of the politest *ton*,
Too spirited for one alone.

Men in these times less easy to be bit,
But coyly to the nuptial bourn submit,
Of beauty e'er so fond,
Without rash schemes, or hair-breadth scapes,
Without mock-covenants, or rapes,
Or plunging in a pond ;

Thanks to the pious call of P—e and H—s,
A C—e H—t S—y quickly lays
The head-strong passions you and young Almeria
raise :

Patricians

Patricians have a good excuse,
Who paid, receive the marriage-noose,
Barter a title, or a star,
For credit east of Temple-bar.

Cast but your eyes on a long string of peers,
They and their dames together by the ears,
What an alarming sight !

Prepar'd perhaps to cuff and scold,
Before the halcyon sheet grew cold,
E'en on the wedding night.

Others again, full many a lustre staid,
Of churlish broils, or cuckoldom afraid,
Then sagely took to wife—their mistress, or their
maid.

Such are approv'd of here and there,
In modern stile—" a happy pair !"
Keep, without turning out of doors,
She her G—l—s, and he his W——s.

Many count women scarce a guinea's worth,
With B——e's figure, with N——a's birth,

With Warren's grace and air ;
Nay, you may add (if you think it)
To C——'s merit half L——e's wit,

For half she has to spare :

Those few a calm domestic life preferr'd,
By others fame, or others fate deterr'd,
Dare never ask at all—nor asking, should be heard :

For

For say, excepting A——n,
 (And him you look upon as gone)
 If B——y from the lists withdrew,
 Find we another Lord would do?
 Nor blush at our repeating B——y's name,
 Known is your choice, a choice which none can
 blame,

There sense and honour join :
 He gazes, sighs, adores each charm,
 What keeps his love from doing harm?
 Prudence and *en bon point*.
 Worst come to worst, when you begin to break,
 A sure resource is left, you still may take
 Some rich old nabob, or some batter'd rake;
 Rather another twelvemonth stay,
 God send there be no room to say,
 As is the case of this our song,
 " Better it had not been so long."

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE AND GARDENS AT KEW,

THE SEAT OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

BY MR. CHAMBERS, ARCHITECT TO THE KING.

THE principal court of the palace is in the middle; the stable court on the left hand; and the kitchen courts on the right. As you enter the house from the principal court, a vestibule leads to the great hall, which occupies two stories in height, and receives its light from windows in the upper story. It is furnished with full length portraits, representing king William III. queen Mary, the present king of Prussia, the late emperor of Germany, the present hereditary prince of Brunswick, the late elector of Cologne, and the famous lord treasurer Burleigh: besides which, there is a very good hunting piece by Mr. Wootton, wherein are represented his royal highness Frederic prince of Wales, lord Baltimore, lord Cholmondeley, lord Boston, col. Pelham, and several of his royal highness's attendants. In this room are likewise two large vases of statuary-marble, on which are cut in basso relievo the four seasons of the year,

From

From the hall a passage leads to the garden; and on the right hand of this passage is the prince's common apartment, consisting of an antichamber, a drawing-room, a cabinet, and a gallery, with waiting rooms, and other conveniences, for the attendants. The antichamber is hung with tapestry; and over the doors are two portraits, the one of the late lord Cobham, the other of the present earl of Chesterfield.

The drawing-room is likewise hung with tapestry. Over the doors are the portraits of his majesty king George I. and his royal highness Frederic prince of Wales. There is also another picture in the room with three heads, being the portraits of their royal highnesses the late princess of Orange, and the princesses Amelia and Caroline.

The cabinet is finished with pannels of Japan: the cieling is gilt; which together with the chimney-piece was designed by the late ingenious Mr. Kent.

The gallery, with all its furniture, is intirely executed from designs of the same gentleman. The colour of the wainscoting is blue, and the ornaments are gilt. Over the chimney is a portrait of the late princess of Orange, in a riding dress; and on each side of it is a very fine picture by the celebrated Mr. Wootton; the one representing a stag at bay, and the other a return from the chace: the scene of both is Windsor forest,
and

and the persons represented are the late prince of Wales, the late duke of Marlborough, Mr. Spencer, the duke of Chandois, the marquis of Powis, lord Jersey, lord Boston, lord Baltimore, the colonels Lumly, Schutz, and Madden; Mr. Scott, Mr. Bloodworth, and several attendants.

On the left of the passage which leads to the garden are the apartments of the bed-chamber women. In their drawing-room is a very large collection of portraits of illustrious persons of both sexes; none of them very finely painted, yet curious, and very entertaining. The cieling is executed from a design of Mr. Kent's; as are likewise the cieling, chimney-piece, and all other parts of their dining-room.

The cieling of the great stair-case was designed by Mr. Kent. The principal floor is distributed into one state apartment for her royal highness, and into lodging rooms for her children and their attendants. The state apartment consists of a gallery, a drawing room, a dressing room, an antichamber, a bed-room, and closets.

The walls of the gallery are adorned with grotesque paintings, and children in theatrical dresses, by the late Mr. John Ellis. The chimney piece and all the furniture are from designs of Mr. Kent; and on the piers between the windows are four large painted looking-glasses from China.

The cieling of the drawing-room was designed, and I believe painted, by Mr. Kent, with grotesque ornaments, in party colours and gold. The center compartment represents the story of Leda. The chimney-piece, the tables, glass-frames, and all the furniture, were designed by the same ingenious artist. The room is hung with green silk, and furnished with a very pretty collection of pictures, by Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Albano, Claude Lorrain, Pietro da Cortona, Cornelius Jansen, Bassano, Bergheim, Bourgognon, &c.

The cieling, furniture, and chimney-piece of the dressing-room, were designed by Mr. Kent. The room is richly furnished with Japan cabinets, and a great variety of curious works in Dresden porcelain, amber, ivory, &c. and there are also in it two large pictures; the one by Dupan, representing the children of the royal family at play; and the other the princess of Wales, with his present majesty, the duke of York, and the princess Augusta, all in their infancy, attended by lord Boston, lady Archibald Hamilton, and Mrs. Herbert.

Her royal highness's bed-chamber is hung with tapestry: the cieling and chimney-piece were designed by Mr. Kent.

The antichamber and closets contain nothing remarkable, excepting an hygrometer, of a very
curious

curious construction, invented and executed by the learned and ingenious Mr. Pullein, one of her royal highness's chaplains.

THE GARDENS OF KEW

Are not very large : nor is their situation by any means advantageous ; as it is low, and commands no prospects. Originally the ground was one continued dead flat : the soil was in general barren, and without either wood or water. With so many disadvantages it was not easy to produce any thing even tolerable in gardening : but princely munificence, guided by a director, equally skilled in cultivating the earth, and in the politer arts [lord Bathurst, we suppose] overcame all difficulties. What was once a desert is now an Eden. The judgment, with which art hath been employed to supply the defects of nature, and to cover its deformities, hath very justly gained universal admiration, and reflects uncommon lustre on the refined taste of the noble contriver : as the vast sums which have been expended to bring this arduous undertaking to perfection, do infinite honour to the generosity and benevolence of the illustrious possessor, who with so liberal a hand distributes the superfluity of her treasures in works which serve at once to

adorn the country, and to nourish its industrious inhabitants.

On entering the garden from the palace, and turning towards the left hand, the first building which appears is

THE ORANGERY, OR GREEN-HOUSE.

The design is mine, and it was built under my inspection in the year 1761. The front extends one hundred and forty five feet; the room is one hundred and forty two feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty five high. In the back shed are two furnaces to heat flues, laid under the pavement of the orangery; which are found very useful, and indeed very necessary in times of hard frost.

What is called

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN,

Is situated in an open grove near the orangery, and in the way to the physic garden. Its figure is of the circular peripteros kind, but without an attic; and there is a particularity in the entablature, of which the hint is taken from one of the temples of Balbec. The order is Corinthian, the columns fluted, and the entablature fully enriched. Over each column on the frieze are basso relievos, representing lyres and sprigs of laurel; and round the upper part of the cell are suspended festoons

festoons of fruits and flowers. The inside of the cell forms a salon richly finished and gilt. In the center of its cove is represented the sun, and on the frieze, in twelve compartments, surrounded with branches of laurel, are represented the signs of the zodiac in basso relievo. This building was begun and finished under my inspection in the year 1761.

THE PHYSIC OR EXOTIC GARDEN

Was not begun before the year 1760 ; so that it cannot possibly be yet in its perfection : but, from the great botanical learning of him who is the principal manager, and the assiduity with which all curious productions are collected from every part of the globe, without any regard to expence, it may be concluded that, in a few years, this will be the amplest and best collection of curious plants, in Europe. For the cultivation of these plants I have built several stoves ; and amongst others a very large one, its extent from east to west being one hundred and fourteen foot ; the center is occupied by a bark-stove sixty foot long, twenty foot wide, and twenty foot high, exclusive of the tan-pit ; and the two ends form two dry stoves, each twenty-five foot long, eighteen foot wide, and twenty foot high.

The dry stoves are furnished with stands for placing pots on, made in the form of steps,

They have each three revolutions of flues in the back-wall; and one of them hath likewise a flue under the pavement.

The bark stove in the center is heated by four furnaces: two of these serve to warm the flues under the pavement, and two to warm those in the back-wall, of which there are five revolutions. The flues are all of them nine inches wide, and two foot high. Those in the back-wall are divided from the house by a brick-on-edge wall, and separated from each other by foot-tiles. Between some of them are placed air-pipes, for the introduction of fresh air, which by that means is warmed in its passage, and becomes very beneficial to the plants. The tan-pit is ten foot wide, and three foot six inches deep. It is surrounded on three sides by flues, being separated from them by a fourteen inch wall. The walks are three foot wide, paved with foot-tiles; and there is a border before the back flues twenty inches wide, with a treillage for creepers, placed within six inches of the flues. The roof-lights are divided into three heights, and run on casters; so that they are moved up and down with great ease; from a boarded passage placed over the flues, between the treillage and the back-wall. The front lights slide in grooves. On the outside of the bark-stove, in front, there is a border covered with glass for bulbous roots, which, by the assistance of

of the flues under the pavement of the stove, flourish very early in the year.

Contiguous to the exotic garden is

THE FLOWER GARDEN,

Of which the principal entrance, with a stand on each side of it for rare flowers, forms one end. The two sides are enclosed with high trees, and the end facing the principal entrance is occupied by an aviary of a vast depth, in which is kept a numerous collection of birds, both foreign and domestic. The parterre is divided, by walks, into a great number of beds, in which all kinds of beautiful flowers are to be seen, during the greatest part of the year; and in its center is a bason of water stocked with gold-fish.

From the flower-garden a short winding walk leads to

THE MENAGERIE.

It is of an oval figure: the center is occupied by a large bason of water, surrounded by a walk; and the whole is enclosed by a range of pens, or large cages, in which are kept great numbers of Chinese and Tartarian pheasants, besides many sorts of other large exotic birds. The bason is stocked with such water-fowl as are too tender to live on the lake; and in the middle of it stands a

pavilion of an irregular octagon plan, designed by me in imitation of a Chinese opening, and executed in the year 1760.

Near the Menagerie stands

THE TEMPLE OF BELLONA.

Designed and built by me in the year 1760. It is of the prostyle kind; the portico tetrastyle Doric; the metopes alternately enriched with helmets, and daggers; and vases, and pateras. The cell is rectangular, and of a sesquialteral proportion; but closed with an elliptical dome, from which it receives the light.

Passing from the menagerie towards the lake, in a retired solitary walk on the left, is,

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD PAN,

Of the monopteros kind; but closed on the side towards the thicket, in order to make it serve for a seat. It is of the Doric order; the profile imitated from that of the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, and the metopes enriched with ox-sculls and pateras. It was built by me in the year 1758.

Not far from the last described temple, on an eminence, stands

THE TEMPLE OF EOLUS,

Like that of Pan, of the monopteros figure. The order is a composite, in which the Doric is predominant. Within the columns is a large semicircular nich, serving as a seat, which revolves on a pivot, and may with great ease be turned by one-hand to any exposition, notwithstanding its size. The temple of solitude, is situated very near the south front of the palace.

At the head of the lake, and near the temple of Eolus, stands a Chinese octagon building of two stories, built a good many years ago, I believe from the designs of Mr. Goupy. It is commonly called

THE HOUSE OF CONFUCIUS.

The lower story consists of one room and two closets; and the upper story is one little salon, commanding a very pleasant prospect over the lake and gardens. Its walls and cieling are painted with grotesque ornaments, and little historical subjects relating to Confucius, with several transactions of the Christian missions in China. The sofa and chairs were, I believe, designed by Mr. Kent, and their seats and backs are covered with tapestry of the gobelins. In

a thicket, near the house of Confucius, is erected the engine which supplies the lake and basons in the gardens with water. It was contrived by Mr. Smeaton, and executed under his direction in the year 1761. It answers perfectly well, raising, by means of two horses, upwards of 3600 hogheads of water in 12 hours.

From the house of Confucius a covered close walk leads to a grove, where is placed a semi-octagon seat, designed by Mr. Kent. A winding walk, on the right of the grove, leads to an open plain, on one side of which, backed with thickets, on a rising ground, is placed a Corinthian colonade, designed and built by me in the year 1760, and called *The theatre of Augusta*.

THE TEMPLE OF VICTORY

Is the next building which offers itself to view, It stands on a hill, and was built in commemoration of the signal victory obtained, on the 1st of August 1759, near Minden, by the allied army, under prince Ferdinand of Brunswic, over the French army commanded by the Marshal de Contades.

The figure is the circular peripteros; the order Ionic decastyle, fluted, and richly finished. The frize is adorned with foliages; and round the Attic are suspended festoons of laurel. The cell, which commands a pretty prospect towards
Richmond,

Richmond, and likewise over Middlesex, is neatly finished with stucco ornaments. Those in the cieling represent standards, and other French trophies. The whole was designed by me, and executed under my inspection, in the year 1759, soon after the above-mentioned battle.

As you pass along from the temple of victory, towards the upper part of the gardens, are seen the ruins of an arch, surrounded with several vestiges of other structures. Its description will be given hereafter.

The upper part of the garden composes a large wilderness; on the border of which stands a moresque building, commonly called

THE ALHAMBRA

Consists of a salon, fronted with a portico of coupled columns, and crowned with a lantern.

On an open space, near the center of the same wilderness, is erected the tower, commonly called

THE GREAT PAGODA.

It was begun under my direction, in the autumn of the year 1761, and covered in the spring of the year 1762. The design is an imitation of the Chinese TAA, described in my *account of the buildings, gardens, &c. of the Chinese*, published in the year 1757. The base is a regular octagon,
 forty

forty nine feet in diameter; and the superstructure is likewise a regular octagon on its plan, and in its elevation composed of ten prisms, which form the ten different stories of the building. The lowest of these is 26 feet in diameter, exclusive of the portico which surrounds it, and eighteen feet high; the second is five and twenty feet in diameter, and seventeen feet high; and all the rest diminish in diameter and height, in the same arithmetical proportion, to the ninth story, which is eighteen feet in diameter, and ten feet high. The tenth story is seventeen feet in diameter; and, with the covering, twenty feet high; and the finishing on the top is seventeen feet high; so that the whole structure, from the base to the top of the fleuron, is one hundred and sixty-three feet. Each story finishes with a projecting roof, after the Chinese manner, covered with plates of varnished iron of different colours; and round each of them there is a gallery enclosed with a rail. All the angles of the roof are adorned with large dragons, being eighty in number, covered with a kind of thin glass of various colours, which produces a most dazzling reflection; and the whole ornament at the top is double gilt. The walls of the building are composed of very hard bricks; the outside of well-coloured and well-matched grey-stocks, neatly laid, and with such care, that there

there is not the least crack or fracture in the whole structure, notwithstanding its great height, and the expedition with which it was built. The stair-case, which leads to the different stories, is in the center of the building. The prospects open as you advance in height; and from the top you command a very extensive view on all sides, and in some directions upwards of forty miles distance, over a rich and variegated country.

Near the great pagoda, on a rising ground, backed with thickets, stands

THE MOSQUE.

It was designed and built by me in the year 1761. The body of the building consists of an octagon saloon in the center, flanked with two cabinets, finishing with one large dome and two small ones. The large dome is crowned with a crescent, and its upright part contains twenty-eight little arches, which give light to the saloon. On the three front sides of the central octagon are three doors, giving entrance to the building; over each of which there is an Arabic inscription, in golden characters, extracted from the Alcoran by Dr. Moreton, from whom I had the following explanation of them, viz.

Ne sit coactio in religione.

Non est Deus ullus præter Deum.

Ne ponatis Deo similitudinem.

The

The minarets are placed at each end of the principal building. In my design of them, as well as in the whole exterior decoration of the building itself, I have endeavoured to collect the principal particularities of the Turkish architecture. With regard to the interior decoration, I have not so scrupulously adhered to their style in building, but have aimed at something uncommon, and at the same time pleasing. The walls of the cabinet are painted of a rich rose colour, and those of the salon are straw-coloured. At the eight angles of the room are palm-trees modelled in stucco, painted and varnished with various hues of green, in imitation of nature ; which, at the top spread, and support the dome, represented as formed of reeds, bound together with ribbons of silk. The cove is supposed to be perforated, and a brilliant sunny sky appears, finely painted by Mr. Wilson of Covent-garden, the celebrated landscape painter.

In the way from the mosque towards the palace, there is a Gothic building, designed by Mr. Muntz ; the front representing a *cathedral*.

The Gallery of Antiques, was designed by me, and executed in the year 1757.

Continuing your way from the last mentioned building towards the palace, near the banks of the lake, stands

THE TEMPLE OF ARETHUSA,

A small Ionic building of four columns. It was designed and built by me in the year 1758.

Near it there is a bridge thrown over a narrow channel of water, and leading to the island in the lake. The design is, in a great measure, taken from one of Palladio's wooden bridges. It was erected in one night.

In various parts of the garden are erected covered seats, executed from two designs, composed by me in the year 1758.

There is now erecting in the garden of Kew, a *Temple*, designed by me, in commemoration of the present *peace*. The portico is hexastyle Ionic; the columns fluted; the entablature enriched, and the tympan of the pediment adorned with basso relievos. The cell is in the form of a latin cross, the ends of which are closed by semicircular sweeps, wherein are niches to receive statues: It is to be richly finished with stucco ornaments, allusive to the occasion on which it is erected.

THE RUIN AT KEW

was designed and built by me in the year 1759, in order to make a passage for carriages and cattle, over one of the principal walks of the garden

den. My intention was to imitate a Roman antiquity, built of brick, with an incrustation of stone. The design is a triumphal arch, originally with three apertures, but two of them now closed up, and converted into rooms, to which you enter by doors made in the sides of the principal arch. The soffit of the principal arch is enriched with coffers and roses, and both the fronts of the structure are rustic. The north front is confined between rocks, overgrown with briars and other wild plants, and topped with thickets, amongst which are seen several columns, and other fragments of buildings, and at a little distance beyond the arch is seen an antique statue of a muse. The central structure of the ruin is bounded on each side by a range of arches. There is a great quantity of cornices, and other fragments, spread over the ground, seemingly fallen from the buildings; and in the thickets on each side are seen several remains of piers, brick-walls, &c.

THE HISTORY OR STORY OF MONDOR.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY M. VOLTAIRE.

HE WAS IN AN ERROR.

A PROBABLE TALE.

HE was in an error.---And who is not so?---
We in this world are only circled round by errors.---They are needful; they are the ties of all society;---they bend the mind to diffidence, and humble the aspiring passion of self-love.---Whoever should be always in the right, would be insufferable.---There is no fault unpardonable but that of being wearisome.---Whenever we begin to tire others, we should retreat to solitude.---Let us proceed then to our story.

Mondor was born under unhappy auspices.---He was a youth possessed of a just understanding, a susceptible heart, and a gentle mind.---Three errors, which necessarily must be productive of numbers more.---At his first entrance into life, he laid it down as his peculiar aim to be for ever in the right.---How far he found success in this design, the sequel shall declare.

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His

His earliest intimacy was with a man of influence at court, whose wife was far from handsome.---The lady looked upon him as a wit, because his person was a fine one; her husband thought him weak, because he never was of his opinion.---The wife made him numberless advances; but as he was not amorously inclined, he took no notice of them.---The nobleman desired him to examine a piece he had composed, or, at least, had fathered, on military discipline.---When Mondor had perused it, he, with great candour, told his patron, he thought his talent rather lay to peace.---A regiment soon fell;---a fluttering petit maitre put in for it; he found great merit in the courtier's piece, and complimented his lady on her beauty.---He got the regiment.---The fop was colonel.---Mondor was sincere.---Here *he was in an error*.

Finding his hopes of fortune or preferment blasted by this adventure, he determined to live on what he had, and his next care was to procure a friend.---He got acquainted with the young Alcippus, and thought he had succeeded.---Alcippus was good-natured and agreeable, made a decent figure, and passed for a man of substance.

One day he came to Mondor with an afflicted countenance.---Mondor by sympathy partook of his affliction, (for there is no one so weak as a good-hearted man of understanding) and begged

to know the cause.---Alcippus told him he was in great distress to pay a debt of honour.---The sum was an hundred guineas, which Mondor instantly supplied him with, but would not take a note---by this he thought he had gained a friend; but *he was in an error*---he never saw him more.

He then gave into the company of men of letters.---They looked on him as capable of examining their works, whilst they obtained a favourable hearing from him more readily than from the public. Mondor met with a piece, in which he thought he saw great merit; but yet it seemed to need the most severe and strictest scrutiny.---It was a comedy.---He curtailed the superfluous matter, insisted on more solidity being thrown into what remained, advised the author to form a more regular connection between his scenes, to make them arise more immediately from each other, and to enable his actors always to maintain their station; convinced him, that he ought to pay more regard to the propriety of dialogue, than to the tinselled glitter of wit or repartee; to support his characters with lively colouring; yet, at the same time, rather to form them into gradual shadowing, than present them in an unnatural contrast of light and shade;---and, lastly, pointed out to him, that tedious declamation and soliloquy ever throw a

coldness on the principal action.---Such was the counsel which he gave the author; he followed it, and by it corrected his piece.---But was as soon convinced that his advice was wrong.---The actors absolutely refused to play it.

This circumstance disgusted Mondor as to the giving counsel.---The same author, however, who, one would have thought, would have been sick of writing, composed another piece, which was no more than a mere cluster of rude and unconnected scenes.--Mondor dared not now to advise him against the publishing it;—but *he was in an error*: The piece was hissed.—This threw him into perplexity—If he advised, he was mistaken;—if he did not advise, he was again mistaken.---He quitted now the company of wits, and mingled with the learned; but here he found himself no better circumstanced;—this set of people never spoke but when they had somewhat to say.—They generally were silent.—Mondor became impatient, and seemed a fool amongst them.

From these he went into the company of women who aimed at talents.---But here again *he was in an error*.

He thought himself in a climate more neighbouring on the sun; instead of which it was the land of lightning, where every fruit was scorched before 'twas ripe.—He found that most of them possessed a few ideas, which they divided

into a multitude of little thoughts.—In short, that their whole art consisted in retaling wit; and soon perceived how much he was mistaken, in seeking their society.---He strove to shine amongst them, they looked grave;—he strove to reason, they burst out in laughter;—he pleased not, though he understood the classics; and was convinced, that for a young man to have studied Cicero, was not the way to make him a favourite with the fair.

Mondor was the most rational of all men, yet knew not which way to turn him to be right.---He had experienced, that our uneasinesses in this world are less occasioned by taking wrong steps, than by unskilfully taking right ones.—He was inclinable to make his court, and crushed his fortune by it.---He strove to make a friend, and was duped by him.—He had conversed with wits, and was confounded by them.—Amongst the learned he had been tired, and amongst women tiresome.—What step should he now take?—He had heard the happiness of two persons, united by a mutual passion, spoken of in the highest terms;—he therefore thought the wisest thing he could do, would be to fall in love.—He immediately formed a design so to do, which was the surest means not to do it.—He examined a great variety of women; put into the scales the several charms and talents of each, in order to

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determine

determine himself for her who should possess one single perfection more than the rest, and looked upon love as a deity with whom he might deal by way of barter and traffick.

In vain did he make this review.—In vain did he strive to fall in love.—It was impossible.—One day, however, when he did not think of it, he was entrapped in that passion, for one of the homeliest, and most capricious women in the world.—He congratulated himself on his choice. He was not insensible to her want of beauty, but he was so much the more pleased, as he flattered himself from thence he should have no rivals.—Here, however, *he was in an error*.—He knew not that the ugliest women are frequently the greatest coquets.—Not a look, a grimace, a syllable with them but has design in it; and they take as much care to adorn their form, as a farmer does to render a bad piece of ground fertile. This conduct generally succeeds; the advances they make flatter our pride, and the homeliness of the women loses its existence in the vanity of the men.

Mondor found, by fatal experience, the truth of this.—He found himself surrounded by rivals, and was uneasy at it—still *he was in an error*; and this led him to a greater error still, which was to marry.—He treated his wife with all the tenderness imaginable;—here *he was in an error*;

she

she took his gentleness for weakness, and ruled him with a rod of iron.—On this he quarrelled with her, in which again *he was in an error*, for it brought on him the necessity and trouble of a reconciliation.—In consequence of this reconciliation he had two children, that is to say, two more errors.—At length he became a widower, and now, for once, was right. But even this he converted into an error.—He was so afflicted that he quitted the capital and retired to his country-house.

In the neighbourhood where he lived, there resided a rich man, who kept up so great degree of pride that he neither received nor visited any of his neighbours.—Mondor thought he was to blame; he was as affable as the other was reserved.—But here *he was in an error*.—His house became a rendezvous of all the idlers round him, who teized him without relaxation.—He envied the fate of his neighbour, and found, too late, that it was more misery to be besieged than to be dreaded.—A law-suit was commenced against him for a small portion of his estate.—He chose, however, rather to give up some part of what was unjustly demanded of him, than enter into a tedious controversy.—He invited his adversary to dine with him, received him courteously, and consented to a disadvantageous compromise. Yet here again he found that *he was in another error*.—This mild proceeding spread through the coun-

try; every little neighbour, desirous of reaping profit from his easiness of temper, laid some pretended claim to his lands, and he had twenty law-suits on his hands in consequence of his endeavouring to avoid one. To remedy this he sold his estate; but here *he was in another error*.—He knew not what to do with his money.—He was advised to venture it in purchasing a share in a valuable mine.—The manager of the affair was a man of gaiety and address; he trusted his money in his hands; but all that gaiety, all that address, preserved him not from breaking in a twelve-month's time.—This event ruined Mondor;—he saw the insignificancy of all sublunary things; he fled to a melancholy retirement, where he pined away and died with mere vexation.—*This was his greatest and last of errors.*

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make,
 Expressive of my duty.

My

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize
 The gift, who slights the giver ?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em.
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them — when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
 Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
 A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere, than civil :
 I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid ;
 I'll give thee—to the devil,

A N E L E G Y

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

BY THE SAME.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
 Lament for madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word——
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor,——
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wond'rous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and sattins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumber'd in her pew,——
But when she shut her eyes.

Her

Her love was fought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaus and more;
 The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and fin'ry fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-Street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelve-month more,—
She had not dy'd to day.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

BY THE SAME.

IN a fair, rich and flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and, in a short time

time, by joining hands publickly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas ! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable, are they, who have this fury for their guide. How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension. Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By uncautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion ; she forgot those many virtues, for which she had been so long, and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion, and mistaken resentment, betrayed her, into all the gloom of discontent ; she sighed without ceasing ; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain ; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana !

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions ; the circumstances of Sabinus had been

been long embarrassed by a tedious law-suit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price: Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow
prisoners

prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by providence. Whenever Sabinus shewed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself. That, so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship. That nothing could make her miserable, but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased, but his sympathising with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation, and who was now in another country, might be easily procured, and burnt, in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror ; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow : for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual ; she had, therefore, begun to reflect, and to wonder, how she could, so long, and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue ; she, therefore, reassumed her former goodness of heart ; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and, in her last moments,

confessed

confessed that virtue was the only path to true glory ; and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD. BY THE SAME.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 “ And guide my lonely way,
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 “ With hospitable ray.”

“ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
 “ With fainting steps and slow ;
 “ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 “ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
 “ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 “ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 “ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
 “ My door is open still ;
 “ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
 “ I give it with good will.

“ Then

" Then turn to-night, and freely share

" Whate'er my cell bestows ;

" My rushy couch, and frugal fare,

" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free,

" To slaughter I condemn :

" Taught by that pow'r that pities me,

" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side,

" A guiltless feast I bring ;

" A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,

" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;

" All earth-born cares are wrong :

" Man wants but little here below,

" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,

His gentle accents fell :

The modest stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure

The lonely mansion lay,

A refuge for the neighb'ring poor,

And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,
 Requir'd a master's care !
 The wicket op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd,
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answ'ring care oppress'd :
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 " The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From

- " From better habitations spurn'd;
 " Reluctant dost thou rove ;
 " Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 " Or unregarded love ?

 " Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
 " Are trifling and decay ;
 " And those who prize the paltry things,
 " More trifling still than they.

 " And what is friendship but a name,
 " A charm that lulls to sleep,
 " A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 " But leaves the wretch to weep ?

 " And love is still an emptier sound,
 " The modern fair one's jest,
 " On earth unseen, or only found
 " To warm the turtle's nest.

 " For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 " And spurn the sex," he said ;
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confess
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 “ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,
 “ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
 “ Where heav’n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
 “ Whom love has taught to stray :
 “ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair.
 “ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 “ A wealthy lord was he ;
 “ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 “ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
 “ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
 “ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 “ And felt or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 “ With richest proffers strove :
 “ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 “ But never talk’d of love.

- " In humble, simplest habit clad,
 " No wealth nor pow'r had he ;
 " Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 " But these were all to me.

 " The blossom op'ning to the day
 " The dews of heav'n refin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind :

 " The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine ;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine !

 " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain ;
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain.

 " Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride ;
 " And sought a solitude forlorn,
 " In secret, where he died.

 " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay,
 " I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay.—

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,

“ I’ll lay me down and die :

“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,

“ And so for him will I. ”

“ Forbid it, heaven !” the hermit cry’d,

And clasp’d her to his breast :

The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide,

’I was Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

“ My charmer, turn to see,

“ Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,

“ Restor’d to love and thee !

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“ And ev’ry care resign :”

“ And shall we never, never part,

“ My life,—my all that’s mine ?”

“ No, never, from this hour to part,

“ We’ll live and love so true :

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too,

TO MR. DERRICK,

UPON HIS RECALLING HIS ORDERS AGAINST
DANCING MINUETS IN SACKS.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

LYCURGUS of Bath,
Be not given to wrath,
Thy rigours the fair should not feel :
Still fix them your debtors,
Make laws like your betters,
And as fast as you make them—*repeal.*

THE FAIR MORALIST.

AS late by Thames's verdant side,
With solitary, pensive air,
Fair Chloe search'd the silver tide,
With pleasing hope, and patient care ;
Forth as she cast the silken fly,
And musing stroll'd the bank along,
She thought no list'ning ear was nigh,
While thus she tun'd her moral song.

The poor unhappy thoughtless fair,
 Like the mute race, are oft undone;
 These with a gilded fly we snare,
 With gilded flatt'ry those are won.
 Careless, like them, they frolic round,
 And sportive tofs th' alluring bait;
 At length they feel the treach'rous wound,
 And struggle to be free, too late.

But ah! fair fools, beneath this shew,
 Of gaudy colours lurks a hook;
 Cautious the bearded mischief view,
 And ere you leap, be sure to look.
 More she'd have sung—when from the shade
 Rush'd forth gay Damon, brisk and young;
 And, whatsoe'er he did or said,
 Poor Chloe quite forgot her song.

AN EPITAPH BY MR. PITT,

AND INSCRIBED ON A STONE THAT COVERS HIS
 FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

YE sacred spirits! while your friends distress'd
 Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the blest'd;
 O let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,
 And with the gen'ral sorrows mix her own:
 The pensive muse!—who from this mournful hour
 Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
 Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive;
 'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

A RE-

A R E C E I P T

HOW TO MAKE L'EAU DE VIE.

BY THE LATE MR. CHARLES KING.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

GROWN old, and grown stupid, you just
think me fit,

To transcribe from my grandmother's book a
receipt;

And a comfort it is to a wight in distress,

He's of some little use—but he can't be of less.

Were greater his talents—you might ever command

His head,—(“that's worth nought”)—then his
heart and his hand.

So your mandate obeying, he sends you, d'ye see,

The genuine receipt to make l'eau de la vie.

Take seven large lemons and pare them as thin

As a wafer, or, what is yet thinner, your skin;

A quart of French brandy, or rum is still better;

(For you ne'er in receipts should stick close to the
letter:)

Six ounces of sugar next take, and pray mind

The sugar must be the best double refin'd;

Boil

Boil the sugar in near half a pint of spring-water,
In the neat silver saucepan you bought for your
daughter;

But be sure that the syrup you carefully skim,
While the scum, as 'tis call'd, rises up to the
brim;

The fourth part of a pint you next must allow
Of new milk, made as warm as it comes from the
cow.

Put the rinds of the lemons, the milk and the syrup
With the rum, in a jar, and give 'em a stir up:
And if you approve it, you may add some perfume;
Goa-stone, or whatever you like in its room.

Let it stand thus three days,—but remember to
shake it;

And the closer you stop it, the richer you make it.
Then filter'd through paper, 'twill sparkle and rise,
Be as soft as your lips, and as bright as your eyes,
Last, bottle it up; and believe me the vicar
Of E—— himself ne'er drank better liquor:
In a word, it excells, by a million of odds,
The nectar your sister presents to the gods,

E P I T A P H

FOR AN INFANT, WHOSE SUPPOSED PARENTS WERE
VAGRANTS.

BY THE REV. MR. O. OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

WHEN no one gave the cordial draught,
No healing art was found,
My God the sov'reign balsam brought,
And death reliev'd the wound.

What, though no mournful kindred stand,
Around the solemn bier,
No parents wring the trembling hand,
Or drop the tender tear.

No costly oak, adorn'd with art,
My infant limbs inclose;
No friends a winding sheet impart,
To deck my last repose.

Yet, hear, ye great ones! hear ye this,
Hear this; ye mighty proud!
A spotless life my coffin is
And innocence my shroud.

My name unknown, obscure my birth;
No fun'ral rights are giv'n;
But, though deny'd God's courts on earth,
I tread his courts in heav'n.

A-L-A-

A - L A - M O D E, 1754.

THE dress, in the year fifty-three, that was worn,
Is laid in the grave, and new fashions are born:
Then hear what our good correspondents advance;
'Tis the pink of the mode, and 'tis dated from
France.

Let your cap be a butterfly, slightly hung on,
Like the shell of a lapwing, just hatch'd, on her
crown;

Behind, like a coach-horse short dock'd cut your
hair;

Stick a flower before, scew-whiff, with an air;
A *vandike* in frize your neck must surround,
Turn your lawns into gawse, let your Brussels
be blond.

Let your stomacher reach from shoulder to shoulder,
And your breast will appear much fairer and bolder.

Wear a gown, or a sack, as fancies prevail;
But with flounces and furbelows ruffle your tail.

Set your hoop, shew your stockings and legs to
your knees,

And leave men as little to guess as they please,
For other small ornaments, do as before;

Wear ribbands a hundred, and ruffles a score.

Let your talk, like your dress, be fantastick and odd,
And you'll shine in the *mall*; 'tis *taste-a-la-mode*.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY AND FASHION,

A REPARTEE.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

TIB.

SAID *Beauty* to *Fashion*, as they sat at the toilette,

“ If I give a charm, you surely will spoil it;
 When you take it in hand, there's such mur-
 th'ring and mangling,
 'Tis so metamorphos'd by your fiddling and fan-
 gling,
 That I scarce know my own, when I meet it again,
 Such changelings you make, both of women and
 men.

To confirm what I say, look at Phryne, or
 Phillis,

I'm sure that I gave 'em good roses and lilies :
 Now what have you done?—Let the world be the
 judge :

Why you daub 'em all over with cold cream and
 rouge,

That, like *Thïsbe* in *Ovid*, one cannot come at
 'em,

Unless thro' a mud-wall of paint and pomatum.

And

And as to your dress, one would think you quite
 mad,
 From the head to the heel 'tis all masquerade ;
 With your flounces and furbelows, sacks, trol-
 lopees,
 Now sweeping the ground, and now up to your
 knees,
 Your pinking, and crimping, and chevaux de
 frize,
 And all the fantastical cuts of the mode,
 You look like a bedlamite, ragged and proud !

Then of late, you're so fickle that few people
 mind you ;
 For my part, I never can tell where to find you ;
 Now dress'd in a cap, now naked in none,
 Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan ;
 Without handkerchief now, and now bury'd in ruff,
 Now plain as a quaker, now all of a puff ;
 Now a shape in neat stays, now a flattern in jumps,
 Now high in French heels, now low in your
 pumps ;
 Now monst'rous in hoop, now trapish, and walk-
 ing
 With your petticoats clung to your heels, like a
 maulkin ;
 Like the cock on the tower that shews you the
 weather,
 You are hardly the same for two days together."

Thus

Thus *Beauty* began, and *Miss Fashion* reply'd,
 " Who does most for the sex?--let it fairly be try'd,
 And they that look round 'em will presently see,
 They're much less beholden to you than to me :
 I grant it, indeed, mighty favours you boast,
 But how scanty your favours, how scarce is a toast ?
 A shape, a complexion, you confer now and
 then,

But to one that you give, you refuse it to ten ;
 In one you succeed, in another you fail,
 Here your rose is too red, there your lily's too pale ;
 Or some feature or other is always amiss :

And pray, let me know when you finish'd a piece,
 But what I was oblig'd to correct, or touch over,
 Or you never would have either husband or lover ?

For I hope, my fair lady, you do not forget,
 Tho' you find the thread, that 'tis I make the net ;
 And say what you please, it must be allow'd,
 That a woman is nothing unless a-la-mode ;

Neglected she lives, and no beauty avails,
 For what is a ship without rigging or sails :
 Like the di'monds when rough, are the charms
 you bestow,

But mine is the setting and polishing too.

Your nymphs, with their shapes, their com-
 plexions, and features,

What are they without me but poor aukward
 creatures ?

The route, the assembly, the playhouse will tell,
 'Tis I form the beau, and I finish the belle ;

'Tis

'Tis by me that these beauties must all be supply'd;
Which time has withdrawn, or which you have
deny'd;

Impartial to all, did not I lend my aid,
Both Venus and Cupid might throw up their
trade,

And even your ladyship die an old maid."

ON A CERTAIN LADY.

They only make the satire who apply it.

AT home, when married Lydia sits,
And only spouse's friends admits,
How negligent her airs!

Quite a-la-mode in dishabille,
See! snuff her nose and fingers fill,
Her hair about her ears.

Her handkerchief and morning-gown,
About her shoulders loosely thrown,
With scarce a single pin in;
No stays, no hoop are seen upon her,
(Those double guards of female honour)
And then, ye gods! her linen.

But when a ball, or masquerade,
Calls her from this domestic shade,
In public light to shine;

She's

She's drest compleat from head to foot,
 (If jewels, silk, and lace can do't)
 No duchess half so fine.

So flies, when wintry seasons reign,
 Obscure in filth and dirt remain,
 Nor dare t' attempt the skies;
 Till warm'd by Phœbus' genial rays,
 They bask and wanton in the blaze,
 And shew a thousand dyes.

MR. FOOTE'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

AFTER A PROSECUTION AGAINST HIM FOR A
LIBEL.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
 Is no informer skulking in the croud?
 With art laconic noting all that's said,
 Malice at heart, indictments in his head,
 Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
 And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar!
 Is there none such?—not one?—then *entre nous*
 I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
 The application must be made by you. }

The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band;
 " The case you put I fully understand;
 " The thing is plain from Coco's reports,
 " For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
 " A libel this—I'll make the mummer know
 it."——

A Grecian constable took up the poet;
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
 Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

A B A L L A D.

THE sun was hot, the hay grew dry;
 All gaily smil'd the work:
 The ruddy damsel ply'd the rake,
 The sturdy hind the fork.

When underneath a spreading oak,
 Colin and Sylvia sat,
 View'd in repose the rural toil,
 And join'd in am'rous chat.

Oft had the youth his suit preferr'd,
 The maid as oft denied:
 A virgin's wishes rul'd her heart,
 Her tongue a virgin's pride.

Colin observ'd her eyes, and then
 Still unremitting strove ;
 'Twas there he saw, or else he thought
 He saw some signs of love.

How sweetly, softly sing, he cries,
 The birds on ev'ry tree ;
 All nature smiles, but I meet nought
 But scorn and frowns from thee.

Tho' smiles the earth, tho' sweetly sing
 The birds on ev'ry tree ;
 All nature frowns, if I meet not
 Returns of love from thee.

My off'ring is a faithful heart ;
 A richer can I make ?
 If love can ask, can wish for more,
 The richer off'ring take.

These milk-white flocks, these lowing herds ;
 All, all I have is thine ;
 Much more than these should I possess,
 If I could call thee mine.

Cease to be cruel, stubborn maid ;
 Hear and reward my truth.
 Cease thus to teize me, she reply'd ;
 Cease foolish, foolish youth.

If nought but these complaining tales
 We virgins hear from men ;
 'Tis better e'en to wed at once,
 Than hear them o'er again.

W. B

AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

FROM BOSSU'S NOUVEAUX VOYAGES AUX INDES
 OCCIDENTALES.

THE world has ever considered with the highest veneration, those who have devoted themselves to death, for the glory, or safety of their country and friends.

Regulus, Leonidas, the six famous burghers of Calais, with other great examples which occur in history, have in all ages been justly admired, as displaying the greatest nobleness of soul ; whilst many particulars of their history have been esteemed fabulous by critics as beyond the powers of human resolution : and yet, in the history of those people, whom we call savages, and whom we are too apt indiscriminately to treat with contempt, and consider as incapable of any sentiment above the level of the animal creation ; in these we often find instances of great-

ness of mind which would do honour to the heroism and patriotism of the greatest and most polished nations. Perhaps the following interesting anecdote cannot be paralleled in ancient or modern history ; it happened about twelve years ago in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and may be considered as authentic, being communicated by M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who then enjoyed a considerable command in that country.

“ The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissanation,” says this gentleman, “ who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Choctaw Indian, having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves, one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Choctaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms ; they sent deputies to New Orleans to demand from the French governor the head of the savage who had fled to him for protection : the governor offered presents as an atonement, but they were rejected with disdain ; they threatened to exterminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent

prevent the effusion of blood, it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Ferrand, commander of the German posts, on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner:

“ The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the Cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and agreeable to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose: ‘ I am a true man; that is to say, I fear not death; but I lament the fate of my wife, and four infant children, whom I leave behind in a very tender age; I lament too my father and my mother, whom I have long maintained by hunting: them, however, I recommend to the French; since, on their account, I now fall a sacrifice.’

“ Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to his audience—My son is doomed to death; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife and four infant children: it is necessary

then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them : as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough ; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up my tender infants : I am no longer good for any thing : a few years more or less, are to me of small moment : I have lived as a man ; I will die as a man :—I therefore take the place of my son*.

“ At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man : he embraced them for the last time, exhorted them to be ever faithful to the French, and to die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. ‘ My death,’ concluded he, ‘ I consider as necessary for the safety of my nation, and I glory in the sacrifice.’—Having thus delivered himself he presented his head to the kinsmen of the deceased Chaftaw ; they accepted it ; he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they severed his head from his body.

† The Indian nations follow the law of retaliation : death they consider as an atonement for death ; and it is sufficient that it be one of the same nation, although even he should not be a kinsman ; ---They except none but slaves.

“ By

“ By this sacrifice, all animosities were forgotten ; but one part of the ceremony remained still to be performed : the young Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chactaws the head of his father : in taking it up he addressed to it these few words : ‘ Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.’—The French who assisted at this tragedy could not contain their tears, whilst they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man, whose resolution bore a resemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his son ; the young man was most cruelly tortured in order to force him to discover his father, who, not being able to endure the idea, that a son so virtuous and so generous, should thus suffer on his account, went and presented himself to the murderers and begged them to kill him and save his son ; the son conjured them to take his life and spare the age of his father ; but the soldiers, more barbarous than the savages, butchered them both on the spot.”

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

HOR.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life;
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.

One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise, and country air.
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from Cheney-Row :
 He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so *warm*, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be out-done, my dear !

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city !
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door,

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fufs of moving over;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
 And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
 It is a charming spot of ground;
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so *countrified*!
 'Twould come to but a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradise;
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 We build a railing, all Chinese.
 Although one hates to be expos'd,
 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;
 One hardly any object sees—
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 Objects continual passing by
 Were something to amuse the eye,
 But to be pent within the walls—
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 Our house beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road;

While

While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's taste can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure,
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;

A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water, four foot wide,
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.
 In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly *ha-ha*,
 By whose miraculous assistance,
 You gain a prospect two fields distance :
 And now from Hyde-Park corner come
 The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy graces :
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste ;
 And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

THE

THE SQUIRE AND THE PARSON

AN ECLOGUE.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive 'squire reclin'd
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind :
A pipe just fill'd upon a table near
Lay by the London-evening stain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark ;
But soon discerning with sagacious nose,
The well known favour of the parson's toes, }
Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose : }
The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began :

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou thus, forlorn, and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end ?
Hark how the distant bells inspire delight !
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night !

'SQUIRE

'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
 At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I see;
 Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
 'Tis all the same—four shillings in the pound.
 My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax;
 My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the
 axe:

My barns are half unthatch'd, untill'd my house,
 Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
 See there's the bill my late damn'd lawsuit cost!
 Long as the land contended for,—and lost:
 Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
 So short my pocket is, so long the score;
 At shops all round I cwe for fifty things.—
 This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess that times are bad indeed,
 No wonder; when we scarce believe our creed;
 When purblind reason's deem'd the surest guide,
 And heav'n-born faith at her tribunal try'd;
 When all church-power is thought to make men
 slaves,
 Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and
 knaves.

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

Come preach no more, but drink and hold your
tongue :

I'm for the church :—but think the parsons wrong.

PARSON.

See there ! free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection through each country town ;
Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, prophane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing ;

'SQUIRE.

Come drink ;

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king :

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king, I hate the glass should stand,
Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,	}
Unless we soon repeal the toleration,	
And to the church restore the convocation :	

K

SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean,
Turn whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? sure some strange news, a boy with
letters;

Oh, ho! here's one I see, from parson Sly:
" My rev'rend neighbour Squab being like to die,
" I hope, if heav'n should please to take him hence,
" To ask the living would be no offence.

PARSON.

Have you not swore, that I should Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read,
How oft discover'd puffs on new-plow'd land,
How oft supported you with friendly hand;
When I could scarcely go, nor could your
worship stand.

SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the bishops or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing now let me die,
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I, }
Like that old presbyterian rascal Sly. }
I am, you know, a right true-hearted tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'Tis thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign?
Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'you see,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:
Great queen! who governest this earthly ball,
And makes both kings, and kingdoms, rise and
fall:

Whose wond'rous pow'r in secret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools:

Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;
 Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
 She bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
 And gives them peace again—* nay gav'ft us this:
 Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
 Here's to thy much lov'd health:

*SQUIRE, [rubbing his hands.]

—With all my heart.

• Madam de P--mp--dour.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI. IMITATED.

TO THE HON. PHILIP YORKE, ESQ. SOON AFTER
 THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1747,

BY THE SAME.

FOR quiet, Yorke! the sailor cries,
 When gath'ring storms obscure the skies,
 The stars no more appearing:
 The candidate for quiet prays,
 Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
 Of blest electioneering.

Who

Who thinks that from the speaker's chair
 The serjeant's mace can keep off care,
 Is wond'rously mistaken.
 Alas ! he is not half so blest
 As those who've liberty and rest,
 And dine on beans and bacon,

Why should we then to London run,
 And quit our cheerful country fun,
 For London, din, and smoak ?
 Can we, by changing place and air,
 Ourselves get rid of, or our care ?
 In truth 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,
 And mounts behind the gen'ral's horse ;
 Outstrips hussars and pandours ;
 Far swifter than the flying hind,
 Swifter than clouds before the wind,
 Or Cope before th' Highlanders.

A man, when once he's safely chose,
 Should laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
 Nor think of future evil.
 Each good has its attending ill ;
 A seat is no bad thing, but still
 Elections are the devil.

Its gifts, with hand impartial, heav'n
Divides : to Orford it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory :
To Bath, indeed, a longer life ;
But tho' he lives, 'tis with his wife,
And shunn'd by whig and tory †.

The gods to you with bounteous hand,
Have granted feats, and parks, and land ;
Brocades and silks you wear ;
With claret and ragouts you treat ;
Six neighing steeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they've given a small retreat,
Good port, and mutton, best of meat !
With broad-cloth on my shoulders ;
A soul that scorns a dirty job ‡,
Loves a good rhyme, and hates the mob,
I mean, that a'n't freeholders.

† In the latter editions it stands thus :
To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Pursu'd by whig and tory.

‡ Mr. Soame Jenyns has been a lord of trade under the several administrations of Mr. Pitt, lord Bute, Mr. Grenville, lord Rockingham, and the duke of Grafton, who have all pursued different measures.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LADY'S FAN.

A SHORT POETICAL ARCADIAN FICTION,

ONCE in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
 There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the
 grove,

A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly blooming face;
 Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste, as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
 Whilst Fanny's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove.

'Twas when the summer's sun, now mounted
 high,

With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
 Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
 To shun the heat this lovely nymph was laid;
 The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
 A blush that added to their native red;
 And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
 Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
 Æolus, the mighty god, whom winds obey,
 Observ'd the beauteous maid as thus she lay;

O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
 And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight :—
 He sighs ! he burns ! at last declares his pain !
 But still he sighs, and still he burns in vain !
 The cruel nymph regardless of his moan,
 Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own ;
 But still complains that he who rul'd the air,
 Would not command one zephyr to repair
 Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
 Through the dark glade to cool the sultry day.
 By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
 Th'ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
 With gales incessant to relieve her flame,
 And call'd it Fan from lovely Fanny's name.

ON JEFFREY.

FROM MARTIAL. L. vii. EP. 10.

SERTORIUS drinks, you say, till morning
 light :

What that to thee, good Jeff, who snore all night ?
 Then, Lupus, owes as much as any lord :
 What's that to thee who never took his word ?
 But points that touch you, and in which you fail,
 With care, and skill, and tenderness you veil :
 Unpaid, tho' old and threadbare is thy coat,
 No mortal now would trust thee with a groat.

Yet

Yet points there are which still concern thee more,
 That honest rib of thine thy wife's a whore :
 Portion thy daughter soon, or, on my life,
 The girl's a mother ere she be a wife.
 Nay, I could whisper, Jeffrey, in thy ear,
 A hundred things that touch thee full as near ;
 But, as I said just now, what touches thee,
 In honest conscience, Jeff, regards not me,

J. BERRINGTON.

CONSTANTIA*,

AN ELEGY.

THE open heart, the polish'd mind,
 The manners, gentle, kind, and free,
 The easy wit, the sense refin'd,
 The native sensibility.

But ah, why thus the loss renew,
 Why thus recount her virtues o'er ?
 Painful the retrospective view,
 Of charms we must behold no more.

† This lady was the wife of a clergyman in Somersetshire, she had been married about a year, and died in childbed.

Reflection,

Reflection, wound not then the mind !

Retentive mem'ry, cease the strain !

Nor thus, officiously unkind,

Awake the sleeping stings of pain.

But ah ! in vain I strive to free

My mind, or mem'ry's pow'r controul !

My thoughts, Constantia ! fly to thee,

Thy sole idea fills my soul !

E'en now I see the tyrant death,

With icy hand and flinty heart,

Prepar'd to snatch thy vital breath,

While pain assists to point his dart.

Yet e'en, 'midst this terrific scene,

I see thee sinking calmly down ;

In vain upon that brow serene

Would death himself imprint a frown.

E'en now I see thee all resign'd,

Prepar'd to meet thy awful doom !

No guilty terrors shake thy mind,

Or hover round thy peaceful tomb.

But still, as tho' they wish'd to save,

The inmates of thy gentle breast ;

The virtues fair frequent the grave,

Constantia, where thy ashes rest,

Fair truth is there, she grieves to see
 Her mansion crumbling into dust;
 Unshaken faith on bended knee,
 Implores forgiveness of distrust.

She too, of aspect mild and bland,
 Kind charity, is heard deplore;
 She fondly grasps thy clay-cold hand,
 She weeps to find it warm no more!

The tender passions o'er thy tomb
 With fond solicitude incline;
 Soft pity weeps thy early doom,
 And friendship bleeds at virtue's shrine;

Hope's tow'ring eye is fix'd on earth,
 Nor longer seeks its native sky;
 Joy paints no more her scenes of mirth,
 E'en firm-ey'd patience heaves a sigh!

Is then thy gentle spirit flown;—
 Shall nought recal thy fleeting breath?
 Nor charms, peculiarly thy own,
 With-hold the ruthless arm of death?

And shall that lib'ral hand be cold,
 That indigence so warm hath found?
 Its lenient aid shall it with-hold?
 Nor deal beneficence around?

Are then thy charms for ever flown?—

Those eyes shall death's dim hand obscure?
 Eyes, where in mild effulgence shone
 The fond affections warm and pure!

And shall that heart, for ever dead,
 Indulge no more the wish to bless?
 And shall those eyes no longer shed
 The balm of pity on distress?

Mysterious providence! thy ways
 O how inscrutable to man!
 Why else to vice her length of days?
 To virtue why so short a span?

Is it, that virtue trembling flies
 From vice's rude contagious air?
 Glad to resume her native skies,
 And fly from vanity and care?

Is it, that on this earthly stage,
 Thro' life's dull scene of varied woe,
 No object rises to engage
 Those smiles which virtue can bestow?

Yet sure, by love and fortune blest,
 To thee an envied bliss was known:
 'Twas thine to share a kindred breast,
 A soul congenial to thy own!

'Twas

'Twas thine to live belov'd, ador'd,
 By him whom most your heart approv'd;
 What greater bliss can life afford
 By those we love, than to be lov'd?

Pleasure so pure can pomp impart?
 Can wealth bestow, or fame display?
 No, L——, let thy faithful heart
 In this bear witness to my lay.

Your mutual loves refin'dly warm,
 Proclaim'd a blest united pair;
 Ne'er knew your gentle hearts to form
 A wish each other did not share.

From these dear joys now doom'd to part,
 With fruitless search that thousands seek,
 Ah, let not, valued friend! thy heart
 In the distressful struggle break!

THE VIOLET.

BY THE REVEREND MR. WOTY.

SERENE is the morn, the lark leaves his nest,
 And sings a salute to the dawn;
 The sun with his splendour embroiders the east,
 And brightens the dew on the lawn:

Whilst

Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
 And slumber the prime of their hours,
 Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
 And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
 How flaunting the gloss of its vest !
 How proud ! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
 In beauty's diversity drest ;
 From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the
 clove,
 What odours incessantly spring !
 The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
 As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
 The violet humbly retreats ;
 In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
 Yet none can excel her in sweets :
 So humble, that (tho' with unparallel'd grace
 She might e'en a palace adorn)
 She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
 And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd,
 When modesty heightens her charms ;
 When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her
 mind,
 We long to be lock'd in her arms.

Tho'

Tho' Venus herself from her throne should descend,
 And the Graces await at her call—
 To thee the gay world would with preference bend,
 And hail thee the vi'let of all.

THE CAMPAIGN, 1768.

FIAT Justitia, Ruat Cælum,
 We'll maul the rogues if we can fell 'em.
Justitia Fiat, Cælum Ruat,
 Be sure the gun you level true at.
Cælum, Justitia, Ruat, Fiat,
 And shoot the man I cock my eye at.
Justitia, Fiat, Ruat, Cælum,
 Obey the words of Justice Gillam,
 And if the rascals halloo,—kill 'em.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE

INSCRIPTION

ON THE TOMB-STONE OF MARSHAL THOMAS.

UNDER this stone lies Marshal Thomas!
 'Tis very well;
 We thank thee, HELL,
 For taking such a rascal from us.

DIREC.

D I R E C T I O N S

TO THE HERALDS

FOR NEW PAINTING THE CITY ARMS.

OUT with that cross from London's shield
 'Twill H****y's year not suit :
 Out with the sword ! and for them paint
 The petticoat and boot.

Nor watchful of so vile a charge,
 Let dragons spread the wing ;
 But, like the rescu'd boot, by posts
 Supported let it swing.

Swing, as himself deserves ; and Oh !
 To gain him like reward,
 Still let the good old motto prompt,
 DIRECT US, GRACIOUS LORD †.

† DOMINE DIRIGE NOS, is the Latin motto to the city arms.

I M I T A T I O N.

ANACR. OD. 46.

TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

WOULD you wish to serve the state,
 Would you strive with honours due,
 That a court confess you great,
 You, my friend, wrong schemes pursue.

Wisdom, that I know, is yours,
 Brightest talents too you boast;
 But where gold extends its curse,
 All intrinsic merit's lost.

'Tis the quantum that you pay,
 For the corporation bought;
 'Tis how ductile you obey,
 By the grand dictator taught.*

Curs'd be he, the wretch of yore,
 Who from womb of parent earth,
 First produc'd the tempting ore,
 'Poison to all moral worth!

L

This

* Cet admirable maître des muets, quand il leur donne ses premières leçons, forme avec ses mains dans leurs organes la disposition, que est nécessaire pour prononcer chaque lettre.

LAMY.

This domestic peace destroys,
 This dissolves all human ties;
 Urg'd by this, a brother's joys
 Are a brother's sacrifice.

This, where in the raptur'd soul
 Love should boast his purest fire,
 Does each gen'rous thought controul,
 Bids profession's vow expire.

This (and let bold honour mourn,
 Hearing the recorded tale)
 This bade P— a villain turn,
 This confines a W—s in jail.

Newport, Isle of Wight, Sept. 12.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES

ON THE DEATH OF YORICK.

Wit, humour, genius, thou hadst, all agree;
 One grain of wisdom had been worth all three.

SO!—this is *wisdom*—to insult the dead;
 Heap fancied crimes upon a mortal's head:
 Well—be it so—such wisdom, and such art
 Shall never—never shall approach my heart.

Whatever

Whatever Yorick's lot, in whate'er state,
I'd gladly risk it, in the hour of fate,
Sooner than join with thee!—I would say rather,
Unto *Corruption*—thou shalt be my father.

“ § Be thine, the avenging angel's lot, decreed,
“ To point each fault, and aggravate each deed.
“ Angel of mercy! thy sweet task be mine,
“ To blot them, ere they reach the throne divine!”

Yorick, farewell! peace dwell around thy stone:

Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.

In human breasts, while pity has a claim,

Le Fevre's story shall enhance thy fame;

Toby's benevolence each heart expand,

And faithful Trim confess the master's hand.

“ † One generous tear unto the monk you gave:

“ Oh let me weed this *nettle* from thy grave!”

§ Vide *Tristram Shandy*.

† See *Sentimental Journey*.

GRACE AFTER DINNER AT A MISER'S.

THANKS for this miracle, it is no less

Than finding manna in the wilderness,
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef,
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

SPRING GARDENS, BATH.

THE HERMITE'S ADDRESSE TO
YOUTH.

SAY, gentle youth, that tread'st untouch'd
with care,
Where nature hath so guerdon'd Bathe's gay scene;
Fedde with the songe that daunceth in the aire;
Midst fairest wealth of Flora's magazine;
Hathe eye or eare yet founde thine steppes to
blesse,
That gem of life, yclep'd *true happines*?

With beautie restes she not;—nor woos to lighte
Her hallow'd taper at proud honour's flame:
Not Circe's cuppe doth crowne; nor come in
flighte
Upon the Icarian wing of bablinge fame;
Not shrine of golde doth this fair sainte em-
bower,
She glides from heav'n, but not in Danae's
shower.

Go blossome, wanton in such joyous aire,
But ah!—est soone thy buxome blasse is o'er;

When

When the sleek pate shall grow far 'bove its
 haire,
 And creeping age shall reape this piteous lore;
 To brood o're follie, and with me confesse,
 Earthe's flattringe dainties proove but sweet
 distresse.

THE OLDE HERMITE

L I N E S

POSTED UP AT THE SUN FIRE OFFICE, IN CORNHILL,
 ON CLOSING THE POLL FOR THE CITY OF LON-
 DON, MARCH, 1768.

BRITANNIA TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

DROOP not my son, thy laurels cannot fade,
 Tho' venal citizens deny thee aid.
 On me, on me, their barb'rous rage they turn,
 My rights they trample, and my altars spurn,
 I too must fall!—Too well, alas! I see
 Each shaft that wounds thy breast is aim'd at me.
 Droop not, my son, nor ask a nobler fate
 Than bravely falling with a *falling* state.
 Thou didst not fall, till *worth*, till *honour* fled;
 Thou did'st not fall, till *freedom's* self was dead.

B A L L A D

ON THE GENERAL ELECTION,

1768.

HAIL, glorious time,
 (Fit subject for rhyme,)
 That ev'ry distinction can level;
 When the gentleman greets,
 Each blackguard he meets,
 And pride must descend to be civil.

The elegant peer
 Must guzzle strong beer,
 With freemen to gain their protection;
 And all who aspire
 To be knights of the shire,
 Get drunk to secure their election.

How fervent the zeal
 That candidates feel!
 The friendship they vow how sincere!
 But 'tis easy to guess,
 When such zeal they profess,
 That the time of election draws near.

By

By flatt'ring and treating
 At every meeting
 With the voters they try to prevail,
 No words can describe
 How they promise and bribe ;
 Such eloquence never can fail.

A POLITICAL GENEALOGY.

ARBITRARY power begot oppression ;
 Oppression begot tumult ;
 Tumult begot revenge ;
 Revenge begot murder ;
 Murder begot thanks ;
 Thanks begot perjury ;
 And perjury begot acquittal.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

V E R S E S

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM
 A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift
 create,
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !
 The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
 Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)

Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
 Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's pray'r :
 In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;
 The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
 Th'unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads ;
 O ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
 And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart ;
 Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

REAL BEAUTY.

BY DR. FORDYCE

AUTHOR OF SERMONS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze,
 Disputes the palm with beauty's queen :
 Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
 Devoid of virtue, if she's seen.

But the soft tear in pity's eye,
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;
 And the sweet blush of modesty
 More beautiful than the ruby seems.

EXTEM-

EX TEMPORE,

ON READING IN THE PAPERS THAT

"THE OTTOMAN PORTE PAYS GREAT ATTEN-
"TION TO THE REPRESENTATIONS LATELY
"SENT BY GENERAL PAOLI."

IN vain the Corsicans to Christians sue;
On *savage* minds the cause of virtue works;
From this strange conduct, it appears too true,
The Turks turn Christians, and the Christians
Turks.

W. W.

A DRINKING SONG,

FROM A COLLECTION PUBLISHED AT BERLIN.

LET Euler go measure the sun,
His knowledge must truckle to mine,
I measure the size of my tun,
And I know it in bottles of wine,

Let Meyer chop logic for nought,
A syllogist is but an ass;
While, I without wasting a thought,
Can infer from the bottle the lass.

Let

Let Haller mispend half his time,
 O'er moss, weeds, and rubbish to pore,
 I only seek out for a rhyme,
 As himself, wiser once, did before.

Let Bodmer his inference draw,
 And stoutly with casuists fight,
 He might as well balance a straw,
 He will never put folly to flight.

And thro' ages to come, tho' they cry,
 Such men when again shall we see!
 While I am forgot——what care I——
 What are ages to come, pray, to me?

TO THE CONQUEROR
 OF LOUISBOURG, NEWFOUNDLAND, AND CANADA,
 ON THE LATE NOBLE REWARD FOR ALL
 VICTORIES.

“LET Amherst fall!” Corruption said:
 Obedient to her call,
 Our statesmen, knowing in their trade,
 Re-echo'd, “Let him fall!—

He never bent before thy throne,
 Nor dragg'd thy golden yoke;
 Then let him fall!—and let thy son,
 Thy H——h strike the stroke,”

Thrice

Thrice loud the Gallic cock did crow,
 And thrice Britannia sigh'd;
 Blush'd while the v——n gave the blow,
 And sunk beneath the tide.

Yet trembling for her darling land,
 Red with maternal shame,
 To Clio flew, whose honest hand
 Gives infamy or fame.

With downcast eyes she spoke her fear,
 Indignant told her grief;
 And pray'd the pitying muse to tear
 The black, the guilty leaf.

And ne'er to future ages tell
 (Her Britain's foulest stain)
 How H——gh rul'd, and Amherst fell,
 While B——f——k seem'd to r——n.

Justice stood by; she bent her bow,
 Refus'd Britannia's pray'r;
 Cry'd, "Hear th'irrevocable vow,
 'Tis by myself I swear!

No times shall wipe away their crimes:
 The names in this true page
 Shall blacken through succeeding times,
 And stink from age to age.

While

While ev'ry clime, from pole to pole,
 Shall Amherst's deeds record,
 The good with envy view his soul,
 The brave revere his sword.

And when at last to taste repose,
 Which statesmen never know,
 To joy's eternal fount he goes,
 Where statesmen seldom go.

In that dread hour, when fate shall bid
 Stern death to set him free,
 He'll smile at death, as late he did,
 Base H——h, at thee.

Then the Canadian grateful, shall,
 Low bending o'er his grave,
 Sigh, while his tears sincerely fall,
 He conquer'd but to save!

And Britain's froward, headstrong child †,
 When Britain is no more,
 Shall teach the yet untrodden wild,
 His mem'ry to adore.

Yes, Amherst! dear to Fame and me,
 Thy worth shall never die;
 Time, sinking by the fates decree,
 In vast eternity.

E'en in the cold embrace of death,
 Still careful of thy fame,
 Shall with his last, his parting breath,
 Pronounce our Amherst's name."

T H E A N S W E R.

LET Amh—st go, his sov'reign said,
Obedient to the call:
 Our loyal hero shook his head,
 "I will not go at all."

For those who bend before the throne,
 Are deem'd but witless folk;
 What pity, that he did not know
 His place was strait bespoke.

Thrice were the minister's commands,
 The warrior thrice denied;
 Nor blush'd when Botetourt kiss'd hands,
 And he was set aside.

No pension from his plunder'd land
 Would he receive for shame!
 Nor yet temptation could withstand,
 To make some *modest* claim.

With

With downcast eyes, a list unfurl'd
 Where peerage stood in chief;
 Mines thro' one quarter of the world,
Etceteras many a leaf.

O ne'er let future ages count,
 As Britain's foulest stain,
 Such subjects priz'd to like amount,
 While Brunsw—k seem'd to reign.

Discord stood by—with haggard brow,
 To Wil—s's jail repair;
 Our patriots all are conning now
 A *universal* prayer.

There liberty shall stamp your crimes
 In virtue's sacred page;
 A champion fitted for the times,
 To gull a senseless age.

While ev'ry clime, from pole to pole,
 Must Amh—st's deeds record;
 And all confess, upon the whole,
 His is *undue* reward.

True; he was ten times better paid
 Than Mordaunt* or Turenne†:
 But match him at the fighting trade,
 These were but trifling men.

So

† Mordaunt, the great earl of Peterborough.

* Turenne, James, French general in the reign of Lewis the fourteenth.

So now at last, to taste repose,
 Observant of his vow,
 Most Cincinnatus like he goes,
 To grumble o'er the plough,

In that cool hour, when reason does
 From passion set him free;
 He'll pine to death, that e'er he was
 Dup'd to this strange degree.

While o'er his tomb the Indians cry,
 "Rest his ambitious soul;
 Had he succeeded by the by,
 We'd starv'd for want of coal."

This, Britain's froward, headstrong child,
 Has foreign laurels worn;
 We saw Wolf earn 'em in the wild,
 Now from his trophies torn.

Yet Amh—st who *no* victories gain'd
 Like Bradd—k blunder'd not;
 Our public chest he never drained,
 Nor shar'd what agents got.

This we will own with our last breath,
 Still careful of his fame;
 And grant, that at the hour of death,
 All generals boast the same.

SOLI-

S O L I L O Q U Y

IN A CHURCH-YARD.

STRUCK with religious awe and solemn dread

I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;
 Around me tombs in mixt disorder rise,
 And in mute language teach me to be wise;
 Time was these ashes liv'd, as time must be,
 When others thus may stand and look at me:
 Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread
 O'er these uncomfortable vaults to tread,
 Where blended lie the aged and the young,
 The rich, the poor, an undistinguish'd throng;
 Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand;
 Nor tombs nor marble statues can withstand,

Mark yonder ashes in confusion spread,
 Compare earth's living tenants with the dead;
 How striking the resemblance and how just,
 Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust.
 Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
 The streams of life in various channels play'd:
 Perhaps that scull so horrible to view,
 Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you;
 These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
 Where the loves sported and in triumph reign'd;
 Here glow'd the lips, there white as parian stone,
 The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.

This

This is life's goal, no farther can we view,
 Beyond it, all is wonderful and new;
 Oh! deign, some courteous ghost, to let us know,
 What we must shortly be, and you are now;
 Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate,
 Why hide the knowledge of your present state,
 With joy behold us tremblingly explore
 The unknown gulph that you now fear no more.
 The grave has eloquence, its lectures teach
 In silence, louder than divines can preach;
 Hear what it says, ye sons of folly hear,
 It speaks to you—oh give it then your ear;
 It bids you lay all vanity aside,
 Oh! what a lecture this to human pride,

The clock strikes twelve, how solemn is the
 sound,
 Hark how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound;
 They bid us hasten to be wise, and shew,
 How rapid in their course the minutes flow,

See yonder yew, how high it lifts its head,
 Around their gloomy shade the branches spread;
 Old and decay'd it still retains a grace,
 And adds more solemn horror to the place.

Whose tomb is this, it says 'tis Myra's tomb,
 Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom;
 Attend ye fair, ye thoughtless and ye gay,
 For Myra died upon her nuptial day;
 The grave, cold bridegroom, clasp'd her in his
 arms,
 And the worm rioted upon her charms.

In yonder tomb the old Avaro lies,
 Once he was rich, the world esteemed him wise;
 Schemes unaccomplish'd labour'd in his mind,
 And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd;
 Death came unlook'd for: from his grasping hands
 Down drop'd his bags and mortgages of lands.

Beneath that sculptur'd, pompous marble stone,
 Lies youthful Florio, aged twenty one,
 Crop'd like a flow'r, he wither'd in his bloom,
 Though flatt'ring youth had promised years to
 come.

Ye silken sons, ye florios of the age,
 Who tread in giddy maze, life's flow'ry stage;
 Mark here the end of man, in Florio see
 What you and all the sons of earth shall be.

There low in dust the vain Hortensio lies,
 Whose splendor once we view'd with envious eyes;
 Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
 With a long hist'ry of his noble race;
 Still after death his vanity survives,
 And on his tomb all of Hortensio lives.

Around me as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
 Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,
 Whose stones say only when their owners died,
 If young, or aged, and to whom allied;
 On others pompous epitaphs are spread,
 In mem'ry of the virtues of the dead;
 Vain waste of praise, since flatt'ring or sincere,
 The judgment day alone will make appear.

How silent is this little spot of ground,
 How melancholy looks each object round;
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies,
 So fast asleep as if no more to rise:
 'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can live,
 Leap into form, and with new heart revive;
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
 Know its old place, its former figure take;
 But whence these doubts, when the last trumpet
 sounds,

Thro' heaven's expanse, to earth's remotest bounds,
 The dead shall leave these tenements of clay,
 And view again the long extinguish'd day:
 It must be so, the same almighty power,
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust restore.

Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust,
 Jehovah's power to raise me from the dust;
 On his unfailing promises rely,
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

VERSES,

ON SEEING A BOY WALK ON STILTS, BY ———,

L Eaving the grammar, for his play,
 Forgetful of the rod:
 Tott'ring on stilts, through mire, and dirt,
 The school boy strolls abroad.
 Why does this innocent delight
 Provoke the pedant's spleen;
 Look round the world, thou fool and see
 The use of this machine.

The

The tricking statesman, prop'd by these,
 His virtues boasts aloud;
 And on his gilded stilts, sublime,
 Steps o'er the murmuring crowd.
 Through fields of blood, the general stalks,
 And fame sits on his hilt;
 The sword, or gun, at length bestows
 An honourable tilt.
 When quite deserted by the muse,
 The sinking sonneteer,
 Hammers in vain a thoughtless verse,
 To please Belinda's ear:
 The mighty void of wit he stops
 With a successful chime;
 On stilts poetic rises quick,
 And leans upon his rhyme.
 With well dissembled anguish, see!
 The canting rascal beg,
 And by a counterfeit gain more
 Than by a real leg.
 Yet on the boy's instructive sport,
 Is this contrivance built:
 The source from whence his gains arise,
 What is it, but a tilt?
 Corinna fair, of stature low,
 Yet, this defect supplies,
 By heels, like stilts, which may assist
 The conquest of her eyes.
 See! in his second childhood faint
 The old man walks with pain:
 On crutches imitates his stilts,
 And acts the boy again.
 So well concerted is this art,
 It suits with all conditions:
 Heroes, and ladies, beggars, bards
 And boys, and politicians.
 Long thro' the various course of life,
 Each artist walks unhurt,
 Till death, at last, kicks up his stilts,
 And lays him in the dirt.



